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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
ROBERT McKIMIE

Alias "*Little Reddy*," From Texas



BY J. W. BRIDWELL

—————THE—————

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ROBERT MCKIMIE,

ALIAS "LITTLE REDDY," FROM TEXAS.

The Dare-Dévil Desperado of the Black Hills Region,
Chief of the Murderous Gang of Treasure
Coach Robbers. Also, a full

ACCOUNT OF THE ROBBERIES COMMITTED

By him and his Gang in Highland, Pike and Ross
Counties; with full particulars of Detective
Norris' Adventures while effecting the
Capture of Members of the Gang.



Compiled from Authentic Sources by J. W. BRIDWELL.



HILLSBORO, O., DECEMBER, 1878.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE
HILLSBORO GAZETTE OFFICE.

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

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THE FRONTIER PRESS
OF TEXAS
Houston 17, Texas.

Sketch of McKimie's Life.



ROBERT M'KIMIE.

ROBERT MCKIMIE is the illegitimate son of Rose McKimie, now Mrs. Thomas Ferguson, of Rainsboro. She was seduced under promise of marriage by Charles Richards, while living with her parents in Bainbridge.

Richards was a good looking, social fellow, who at the time was in the employ of Rose Bros., of Chillicothe, as a tobacco pedlar.

The young girl bore an excellent reputation, which has never been soiled since. Richards was sued for breach of promise, and fled the country. Before the child was born, the family removed to Rainsboro, where she has resided ever since. While the boy was yet quite young, he was taken to raise by Mrs. Brown, his mother's sister, who brought him up kindly, and endeavored to instill into his young mind lessons of morality and honesty that would make a useful man of him.

Young Bob is said to have been rather wild in his disposition, preferring to rove around and over his native hills, rather than settle down to his books and studies. His name was unstained

by any charge of crime up to his departure from Rainsboro, at the age of fourteen, when he went to Columbus, and enlisted in the regular army. For two or three years after he left his friends had no tidings of him, but at last a letter was received by Mrs. Brown from him, written at a place in the southern part of Kansas. The letter contained a draft for \$50, and stated that he had quit the army, and was going into the cattle-herding business, and that when he came back to Rainsboro he would have plenty of money.

Detective Bullock claims that McKimie deserted from the army about five or six years ago, and became a member of the notorious and dangerous road agents that afterward became the terror of the Black Hills country. This, then, may have been the "cattle-herding business" that he proposed engaging in when he wrote the letter to Mrs. Brown. Nothing further was heard from McKimie until he returned there in Sept. of 1877. He was well-dressed and seemed to have plenty of money, and soon an attachment sprung up between him and Clara Ferguson, daughter of Washington Ferguson. Her parents both died when she was an infant, and when McKimie became acquainted with her she was living with relatives near Rainsboro. Her friends stoutly opposed the match, but love laughs at locksmiths and all other barriers, and they were married. McKimie shortly afterward purchased property in Rainsboro, engaged in the dry-goods business, and was apparently in a fair way to become a useful and respectable citizen of that community. We will do McKimie the justice to say that from all outward appearances he had resolved to settle down and abandon his bad course of life when he was arrested.

His whereabouts became known to Detective Bullock through accident. Mr. M. F. Leach, of Ogallala, Mo., was engaged in ferreting out the Union Pacific train robbers, and from information obtained in the west, came to Hillsboro on the trail, as he thought, of one of them. When Mr. Leach arrived at Hillsboro, he made inquiry about his man, who proved to be McKimie, but soon found that Bob had returned here in September, while the robbery for which he was hunting the perpetrators had been committed in October. He learned, however, that Reddy had but recently returned here from the west, and that he went away only a few years previous a penniless boy, but now he was reputed to have fabulous sums of money, which he displayed quite openly.

Putting all things together, the Detective concluded that while he failed in finding his Union Pacific train robber, he had probably unearthed a criminal equally as great. On Mr. Leach's return he met Mr. Bullock by accident, and related to him the particulars of his trip, and his suspicions regarding McKimie, whom he described to Bullock as best he could.

Seth Bullock had been sheriff at Deadwood, and chief of the Black Hills Detective Agency. He had McKimie under arrest once for stealing a horse, and knew all about him in the Hills. Bullock claims that when McKimie deserted from the army, he joined a gang who were depredating along the stage route in Utah, murdering and robbing whenever opportunity offered. He was finally captured and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the Utah penitentiary for killing a man in Southern Utah. He made his escape in company with Jack Williamson, another convict. It is charged that he killed the guard by striking him on the head with a bar of iron; but McKimie stoutly denies having killed anybody, although he confesses to having made his escape from the Utah penitentiary. His story to us is that he made a dummy and put it in his bed, and then slipped out and hid in a well in the prison-yard, until he succeeded in getting away. He escaped after having served nearly a year. Reddy claims that Williamson struck the fatal blow, and got away immediately.

He next turns up in the Black Hills, his first exploit being the robbery of the Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage in February, 1877. This line is 350 miles long, and the trip is made in about 52 hours. The coaches leave each terminus, Deadwood and Cheyenne, every morning for the purpose of transporting passengers and treasure between the two points. They are immense affairs, are drawn by six horses, and carry from ten to twelve passengers besides the express goods and the treasure box.

THE TREASURE BOX

is a strongly-made wooden chest bound with iron, similar to the "packing boxes" used by our express companies for railroad service. They are generally carried in the front boot, immediately under the driver's seat, and as the company is responsible for their contents, and very large sums are sent in them, they are watched and guarded with the utmost care. The horses are

changed every ten miles, and except the stations there are few settlements along the route. Two armed guards always accompany the coaches, riding on the outside with the driver or inside the coach, as they think best. They also carry the United States mail. There are three military stations on the route, but between them, through the sparsely settled sage-brush country, the road agents, as these robbers and outlaws are called, find frequent opportunity for their deeds of murder and robbery. As will be shown further along, however, these desperadoes do not always confine their field of action to these lonesome and remote places, but emboldened by success they sometimes attack the coaches almost within gunshot of civilization.

M'KIMIE SOON EARNED A BAD REPUTATION

in the Hills, and became quite extensively known as a dare-devil. His time was mainly spent in wicked schemes, and from the readiness which he always displayed to enter into any exploit, no matter how dangerous and risky, he soon became known in the Hills as

“LITTLE REDDY, FROM TEXAS.”

He soon fell in with Joel Collins, the leader of the Union Pacific train robbers, a competent instructor for a willing and quick learning pupil, and when Collins's gang was organized “Reddy” became one of the leading spirits.

As stated, his first exploit was in February of that year, when his gang robbed one of the treasure coaches on the Cheyenne & Deadwood route, and from that time until July, when the robbery occurred for which he was arrested here, he and his gang were engaged in a

GENERAL ROBBING, PLUNDERING AND THIEVING BUSINESS.

As a sample of his daring, he stole a horse in Wyoming Territory, and riding boldly into Deadwood offered it for sale on the street. Although he was not known there, his actions aroused suspicion, and he was arrested and confined in jail. Deadwood being in Dakota Territory, and the expense of prosecuting the case promising to far exceed the value of the animal, he was released on his giving up the horse, which was restored to its owner. In a short time after his release the authorities discovered

what kind of a character they had unwittingly let slip through their clutches, as "Reddy" was very much "wanted" even at that early period in his new field of operations.

THE MOST DAMNING DEED,

however, was the killing of the young stage driver, Johnny Slaughter, in March, 1877. The coach from Cheyenne had arrived at a point two miles from Deadwood, when "Reddy's" gang of five cut-throats sprang from their hiding place and called to the driver to stop. The horses were going at a sweeping trot, and before the driver could check them up, which he was trying to do, he was shot and instantly killed.

HIS HEART WAS FILLED WITH BUCKSHOT,

and falling from his seat to the ground, the unrestrained horses ran away, saving the passengers from falling into the hands of the freebooters. As the team started the robbers fired into the coach, wounding one man in the arm, another in the hand, but none of them seriously. The horses fortunately kept the road and drew up at their regular stopping place when they reached the town. There were eleven passengers in the coach and a large amount of money, and the escape was truly a fortunate one. The indignation over the

MURDER OF YOUNG SLAUGHTER

was intense, as he had been in the employ of the Stage Company for several years and was one of their most trusty and reliable employes, beside being a general favorite along the route and with those having occasion to travel on the coaches. He was

THE ONLY SUPPORT OF A WIDOWED MOTHER,

and his death was a stroke from which she never recovered. It was a cold-blooded, wanton murder, and

BOB M'KIMIE FIRED THE SHOT.

He has never denied the killing of Slaughter, but claims that his gun went off accidentally. When Mr Voorhees, Superintendent of the Black Hills & Cheyenne Stage Company, visited him in

jail here, he acknowledged that Slaughter was killed by a shot from his gun.

Although "Reddy" acknowledged to Mr. Voorhes that he killed young Slaughter, he claimed that it was done by the accidental discharge of his gun. Considering, however, the mode and manner of the attack, and all the circumstances surrounding the case, this statement will be taken with many grains of allowance. After this adventure the gang went away to the crossing of Cheyenne river, remaining there during the summer, and making raids as opportunity offered, on coaches and freight and emigrant trains passing to and from the mining regions. The country at this point is very wild, and has been a noted resort for highwaymen, and is always looked upon as the most dangerous point on the route.

THE GANG ROBBED THREE COACHES

in succession at this point, and this is the crime for which McKimie was pursued and captured at Rainsboro. The total amount said to have been stolen was \$14,000, \$11,000 of it in gold dust, the balance in greenbacks. The gang then went westward into the Sweetwater country for the purpose of recruiting up, dividing their spoils, and procuring necessary supplies. It devolved upon McKimie and a man named Webster to go to South Pass City to obtain the supplies. As is frequently the case,

A WOMAN OF BAD CHARACTER

had accompanied the gang, dressed in men's clothes, and participating with them in all their operations. Fortunately for McKimie, the woman, or "kid," as she was called, had formed an attachment for him, and while he and Webster were absent for the supplies, a plot made by the balance of the gang to kill "Reddy" and Webster, for the purpose of getting their share of the booty, was overheard by the "kid," as we shall call her, while they supposed her to be asleep. On McKimie's return, she promptly informed him of the plot, and they at once planned together to get the other members of the gang drunk, rob them and make their escape. They succeeded so well that they

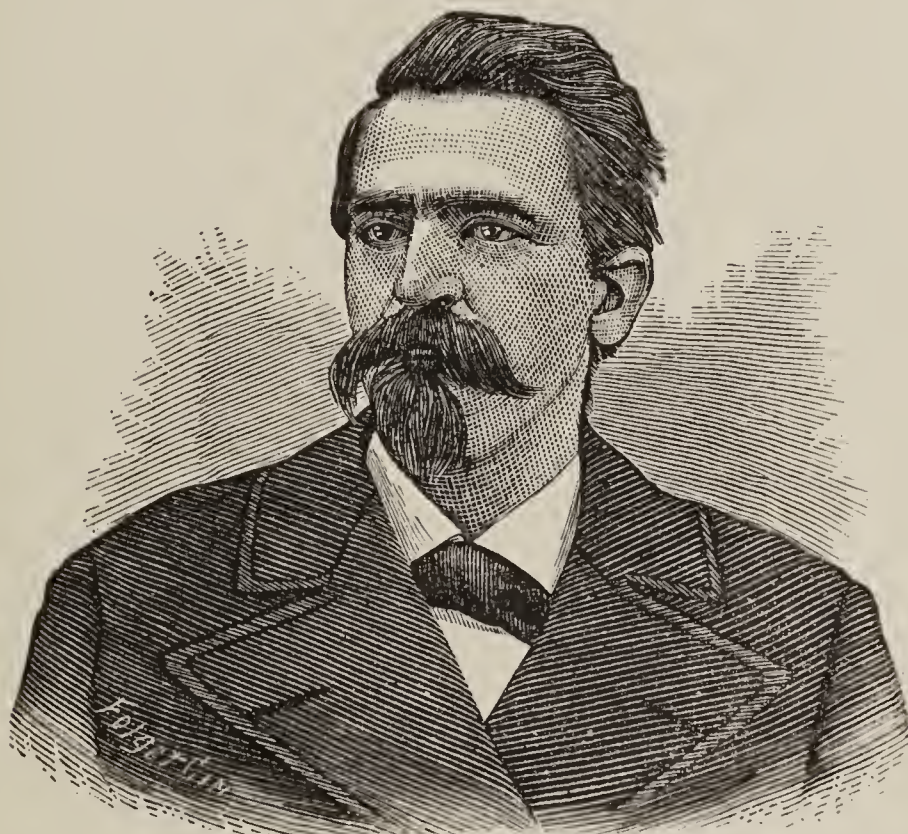
SECURED \$8,000 IN DUST,

and nearly all the greenbacks, and fled. McKimie's statement while in jail here was that he only brought \$6,500 away from

the Hills, and that the balance was buried. He also promised to tell where it was buried, but the promise has no doubt been reconsidered since his escape from jail. After leaving the gang,

“REDDY” AND THE “KID” STRUCK OUT FOR A
CIVILIZED COUNTRY,

taking a train at Point of Rocks Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and going at once to St. Louis. Here he abandoned the woman, giving her as he says \$1,000, and then proceeded to Texas, where he remained for a short time. After making a trip to Philadelphia, where he exchanged the dust, he came to Highland County.



SETH BULLOCK.

Mr. Bullock had tracked McKimie through four states without being able to lay hands on him. It was, therefore, with much satisfaction, mingled with some fear that after all he might be on a cold trail, that he received the intelligence from Mr. Leach, of Ogallala. He lost no time, however, in getting to Hillsboro. On arrival he made inquiry, receiving such a description of McKimie as satisfied him that he was the man wanted. Taking Deputy U. S. Marshal Lyle along, they started for Rainsboro. Bullock had changed his appearance so that McKimie would not recognize him. Going in they found him alone in the store.

Lyle introduced Bullock to McKimie as a Mr. Somebody, who was dealing in goods in his line, followed by a few minutes conversation, when Bullock told McKimie that he wished to speak with him outside the door. This was done to get him away from his guns, as he was known to be a desperate fellow, and one who would make a deadly fight before submitting to arrest. When told by Bullock that he was his prisoner, he gave up as gracefully as he could, but swore that they couldn't have taken him if they had not come on him unarmed.

He told the news to his young wife, who was almost heart-broken; and about six o'clock in the evening, was locked up in the Highland County jail. This was on Tuesday, January 15th, '78. McKimie immediately sent for Messrs. Sloane and Hough, and employed them as his attorneys. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained, and a hearing had that night before Judge Steele in Chambers, resulting in McKimie's discharge; but he was immediately re-arrested on an affidavit filed by the officer. Mr. Bullock had, it seems, in his haste, come straight to Hillsboro with the requisition from the Governor of Wyoming Territory, instead of presenting it to the Governor of Ohio and obtaining his warrant. The case was then argued on the motion to release McKimie, on the grounds that he was unlawfully held in custody, the warrant reading "indictment" instead of "affidavit."

The prisoner's counsel was assisted by Henry M. Higgins, Esq., Geo. B. Gardner appearing for the Territory of Wyoming. The motion was refused and the prisoner remanded to the custody of Sheriff Newell. Another motion made on legal points was argued on Saturday, at 2 P. M. The excitement by this time was intense, and long before the time set a vast crowd filled and surrounded the court house.

A report was circulated that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoner by his friends if he should be returned to jail, and considerable uneasiness was felt by the officers, but no demonstration of the kind was made. Mr. Sloane finished his argument at 5:30 P. M., when the further hearing of the case was postponed until Tuesday.

The Court-room was again crowded on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Charles Collins made an exhaustive and able argument for the prosecution, and citing about all the authorities that were ever heard of in support of his case. At 2 P. M., when it was announced that Judge Steele would render his decision, the Court-

room was densely packed with citizens and strangers, and the remarks of His Honor were listened to with the most intense interest. In reviewing the case he referred to decisions rendered in other states; to cases where the State law relating to requisitions had been held to be unconstitutional because of the laws enacted by Congress relating to fugitives from justice. The action of Congress is to be regarded as supplemental, and it is the duty of Courts to sustain instead of invalidating such laws. In the Rothschild's case it was shown that the law was not in contravention with the State or National law. Such a construction of it, then, would show that this was not a proceeding that would be in contravention, and cited several authorities. It may be that legislatures merely meant to enjoin a duty upon the Governor that would subject him to impeachment. The principle is, whether a Court has a right to go behind the warrant of the Governor. Recent decisions show that they have no such right. They must not inquire into the guilt of the accused, but only see that the warrants are correct. It would seem that a case where there is so much conflict should be sent to a higher Court; therefore, in view of this conflict of authority, it is deemed proper that the prisoner be remanded to the custody of the sheriff to await the filing of the necessary papers. Two or three minor points were argued and submitted to the Court, in order to get the case in proper shape for filing the bill of exceptions.

Mr. Bullock, the officer from Deadwood, was placed on the stand, and swore positively as to the identity of the prisoner, giving also a full account of the robbery, and the admissions made to him by McKimie. These admissions were corroborated by Marshal Lyle, who assisted the Deadwood officer in making the arrest. The defense was given six weeks' time in which to prepare their case for the Supreme Court, and in the meantime McKimie was to remain in jail.

The prisoner seemed considerably downcast toward the close of the afternoon, and showed considerable nervousness and anxiety. He exhibited quite an air of bravado in speaking of his arrest, and told the Deadwood officer that he would "get him" before he died. Bullock had arrested him twice, the first time for horse stealing, and "Reddy" says he is the only man he ever was afraid of. The prisoner's wife was allowed to remain in the cell with him a good portion of the time, and accompanied him nearly every time he was taken to the Court-house. His cell was

searched during his absence at the Court-house on Saturday, and, wrapped in a handkerchief, secreted behind the sink, were found quite a number of pistol cartridges.

The next sensation was an attempt to liberate McKimie by a forged telegram. The following article which we copy from the Hillsboro Gazette, of January 31, 1878, gives the particulars :

ROBERT McKIMIE STILL IN JAIL.

THE FORGED TELEGRAMS.

Since our last issue nothing of startling interest to the public has transpired in the case of McKimie, *alias* "Little Reddy from Texas." The lawyers are at work on the briefs, and getting matters in proper shape to come before the Supreme Court. After the discovery of the pistol cartridges in his cell last week, the Sheriff deemed it prudent to withdraw some of the privileges that had been allowed him.

HIS YOUNG WIFE,

who, by the way, seems to be devoted to him, and will not believe but that he is innocent, had been permitted to pass in and out of his cell at pleasure, but this privilege has been denied, and for a week she has remained with him in the cell, a voluntary prisoner, preferring to endure the confinement and hardships of prison life rather than be separated from her husband.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Luke Voorhees, Superintendent of the Black Hills and Cheyenne Stage Company, the line upon which the robberies are said to have been committed, arrived here to confer with Mr. Bullock and their lawyers. He also had

AN INTERVIEW WITH M'KIMIE,

who confessed to having received a portion of the stolen gold dust, but claimed that he did not take part in the robbery, but was hidden in the sage-brush near by at the time. He also stated that he only brought away from the Hills \$6,500, and that the balance had been buried.

We are in possession of many other facts in regard to the case, which will be given to our readers in due time, and when it is

proper to do so. Whether McKimie is guilty or not, we desire to give him a fair count so far as comment on the case in these columns is concerned, and therefore withhold many important items bearing on the case while it remains in the Courts and undecided.

THE FORGED TELEGRAMS

mentioned last week as having been sent from Columbus, and through which McKimie came near being released, have caused much comment. It will be remembered that Mr. Bullock, the Black Hills detective, went to Columbus while the case was pending, and these telegrams, purporting to be sent by him, were pronounced base forgeries on his return here the next morning. We give herewith *verbatim* copies of both:

COLUMBUS, O., January 15, 1878.

S. LYLE and SHERIFF NEWELL, Hillsboro, Ohio:

Papers wrong. Governor will not sign requisition. You will have to let him go, but shadow him.

[Signed.]

SETH D. BULLOCK.

Received 6:10 P. M.

COLUMBUS, O., January 15, 1878.

Manager Telegraph, Hillsboro, Ohio:

Don't deliver the message to Lyle and Newell sent to-day.

SETH BULLOCK.

Received 8:30 A. M., January 16.

The first one, it will be noticed, was received at 6:10 P. M. of the day Mr. Bullock left Hillsboro for Columbus. As the train on which he went leaves here at 2:30 P. M., it is plain to be seen that he could not possibly have reached Columbus at the hour named in the dispatch. The dispatch is also signed "Seth D. Bullock," while Mr. B. signs his name Seth Bullock. The other telegram was received at 8:30 A. M. of the next day, the 16th, but the first dispatch, ordering McKimie's release, had been delivered the evening before. Fortunately the officers to whom it was directed took the matter under advisement, and determined to hold McKimie at all hazard until Bullock should return. We presume there is not a fair minded person anywhere who does not condemn this foul attempt to defeat the ends of justice, and desire the punishment of the person who perpetrated it. Our informa-

tion is that the matter will be investigated in due time, to all of which the people will heartily say, amen.

The "forged telegram" matter has been revised since Mr. Bullock's return here the second time, and the following facts developed:

The telegram was written here and forwarded from Leesburg to Blanchester in an envelope, where it was sent by wire to a party in Columbus, and telegraphed back to Hillsboro. A mistake, however, was made in the time at which it should have been sent, as Bullock could not possibly have arrived at Columbus at the time named in the dispatch. This was discovered by the sender,—and hence the second telegram. The Telegraph Company was apprised of the forgery, and looking upon it as a dastardly attempt to free a bad criminal, proposed to make it hot for the sender. The operator who received the message in the office at Columbus, came here and identified the fellow who sent it, and a well known hotel keeper there who accompanied him to the telegraph office, would have further testified to his identity if he had been called upon. Mr. Bullock being compelled to return home, the matter was dropped.

The Prosecuting Attorney of this county was informed of the facts, and urged to prosecute the case, as it is his duty to do, but up to this time he has done nothing, although the evidence against the sender of the forged telegram is clear and convicting. Perhaps the people will yet take the matter up, and demand that the perpetrator shall be punished.

• McKimie's attorneys applied themselves at once to the work of writing the brief, and preparing for a hearing in the Supreme Court. His wife came here and took up her abode in the jail, and having plenty of money they lived well,—being permitted to have such delicacies brought to them as they desired. Mrs. McKimie has, during the entire time, shown the greatest devotion to her husband, and protests against any charges of crime that are brought up. She believes in his innocence, and that he is being persecuted for the acts of others. Her devotion to him is certainly commendable, whether it be unworthily bestowed or not.

It may not be improper at this time to say, that McKimie had many friends who sympathized with him, and were not induced to credit the terrible record of his crimes in the Black Hills. Bullock was denounced as a greater villian than "Little Reddy," and hundreds there were who openly spoke their belief that there

was some other object in taking him back to the Black Hills than merely to try him before a court of justice for his crimes. His bold and daring escape from jail; his subsequent re-appearance in the Rainsboro region, and the robberies perpetrated by the gang under his tutelage and leadership within the last six months, have made a wonderful change in public opinion, and it may now be said that nearly

EVERY MAN'S HAND IS AGAINST HIM.

The interesting and authentic details of McKimie's route and whereabouts after his escape from jail, show that he was busily engaged while in jail in planning some means of escape. It will also be observed that in all his plans, there is a boldness and dash characteristic of the desperado and the worst class of highwaymen. We can not detect any thought of digging out, sawing off bars, or of any of the means used by the common run of criminals in escaping from prison.

Detective Norris has studied McKimie closely, and says that he believes he is always planning some way to make his escape. There was considerable uneasiness in regard to his safe keeping, and many surmises that he would escape.

About nine o'clock Monday night, January 11, the word flashed through town like wildfire that "McKimie has broke jail!" The writer reached the jail in about ten minutes afterwards, and found a very excited crowd in front of and in the jail, and upon entering learned the following facts: The guard who had been on duty for about two weeks, went on at nine o'clock P. M., and a few minutes previous to that time Sheriff Newell's father and the colored porter proceeded to McKimie's cell to fill up the coal box. The door was unlocked and just as they were about to enter, McKimie sprang into the open door with a revolver in his hand, and yelling

"GET OUT OF THE WAY,"

fired, first at Mr. Newell and then at the colored man, both shots fortunately, owing no doubt to his stooping position in the low narrow door-way of the cell, missing the objects of his aim, one ball lodging in the ceiling about six feet from the front door, the other in the stairway in the rear of the hall. In the confusion, McKimie ran across the hall into the sitting room, intending no doubt to make his escape by one of the rear doors, but they were

locked. In one of these rooms he encountered old Mrs. Newell, the Sheriff's mother, who began to make some outcry, but the desperado quickly silenced her by threatening to

"BLOW HER BRAINS OUT."

Rushing out of the sitting-room again into the hall, he opened the front door, and dashed down the walk and through the gate to liberty. Running across the street, he quickly disappeared down the alley running between Strain's grocery and the Strauss block. While McKimie was in the dining room, Mr. Newell seized a loaded shot gun that stood in the corner of the sitting room, and ran out the rear end of the hall, expecting to intercept him, but just as this time McKimie passed out of the front door and down the walk, and as he was going through the gate the

NERVY OLD MAN

fired at him, wounding him it is thought, as he was seen to halt, and the next morning his cigar case was lying on the ground near the place completely riddled with shot. There were rumors afloat of blood having been found on fences and in various places in in the southeastern part of town, which if true would indicate that he was heading for the Brush creek hills. Although McKimie's wife had been occupying the cell with him, she was not in at the time of his escape, but had been spending the afternoon and evening with the jailor's family. Amid the excitement

SHE FAINTED AWAY,

and although she could not have been ignorant of his preparations to escape, it is thought she was not expecting him to make the attempt so soon. Sheriff Newell was absent from home at the time, but arrived here early on Tuesday morning, a telegram having been sent to him. On his arrival he offered a reward of \$100, but it was not until noon that any one started out. At that time

OFFICERS LYLE AND WILLETS

started on their own responsibility. In the meantime, Mr. Bullock, the Deadwood officer who arrested McKimie, was notified by telegraph, he having gone on a visit to Tecumseh, Michigan.

He immediately telegraphed back offering \$200 reward in addition to that offered by the Sheriff, and stated also that he would come here immediately.

The excitement over the escape was of course very great. A large crowd continued about the jail until a late hour, discussing the matter, indulging in speculations as to where he had probably gone, and how; examining the

SPOTS OF BLOOD

on the little front gate, or talking over the black, ugly bullet holes in the ceiling and stairway. The word spread rapidly on Tuesday morning, and groups of fives, tens, and fifties were soon gathered on the streets, and little else than "McKimie" was talked about.



SHERIFF NEWELL.

Mr. Bullock arrived here on Wednesday, and had hand bills circulated immediately, offering \$500 reward, in addition to the reward offered by the sheriff. Bullock and Deputy U. S. Marshal James W. Doggett started out about noon, and volunteer parties spent the day in examining the tracks and blood spots on the frozen ground, supposed to have been left by the great criminal. There were all kinds of surmises as to where he had gone, and rumors came in on every breeze almost of where he had been seen, &c. In this connection it will be interesting to

read an article which we copy from the *Government Counterfeit Detector*, February 1st:

“Superintendent Voorhees, of the C. & B. H. Stage Line, recently received a telegram from Hillsboro, O., announcing the capture near that point of the notorious ‘Reddy,’ alias McKimie, the last of the bold gang of famous road agents, who operated so successfully on the stage routes last summer. At this pleasant though precarious pastime he made his handsome pile, and then gracefully retired from the business, for a life more respectable and less exciting. Marrying a buxom belle recently, he purchased a fine farm in Ohio from the proceeds of his lawlessness, but fate decreed that he was not long to remain a pseudo honest tiller of the virgin soil. Like sleuth-hounds, the detectives were on his track. They ‘piped’ him, pursued him, and soon the gay cavalier was snugly landed in ‘quod.’ He and four of his ‘pals’ captured \$14,000 of ‘swag’ from some ‘well heeled’ parties last June. Mac was so greedy that he pocketed all the plunder. There are some who think that Mac’s ‘pals’ gave him away to the ‘fly cops.’”

We also copy the following from the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, of January 30th:

“Some twenty odd years ago, a young rake named McKimie, residing in Highland County, Ohio, seduced a comely maiden of the same county. He continued his intimacy with her until her condition became such as to arouse suspicion on the part of her relatives, and then fled the country, remaining away for years. His victim gave birth to a boy, who, as years passed by, strayed in paths of vice and grew up to be known and dreaded as a rowdy and thief.

“Like thousands of other wicked people, the bastard drifted westward, and when the Black Hills were opened for settlement, located there. Having very indifferent success in his ventures in placer mining, he began roaming from camp to camp, carrying a bad reputation with him, and always eager to engage in wicked schemes. He was a friend of Joel Collins, the dead U. P. train robber, and when a gang was organized for the purpose of robbing coaches, he was a leading spirit. Some of his convicted companions claim that McKimie shot Johnny Slaughter when the first attack was made upon a coach in Whitewood canon, last March.

“It was McKimie who, with Dunk Blackburn, James Wall, Webster and Bill Bevins, overhauled three stages in succession at Cheyenne river crossing, in July last, securing from one of them \$11,000 in gold and \$3,000 in greenbacks.

“After making this haul the gang rode westward into the Sweetwater country, he and Webster going into South Pass City

to purchase supplies. A disreputable woman accompanied the party, and while Webster and McKimie were absent, she heard their companions plotting to kill them. When McKimie returned she told him of this, and he planned with her to get the others drunk, take the booty and decamp. This was successfully done and the precious pair secured \$8,000 in gold, nearly all of the greenbacks and best arms, and fled. McKimie says they struck the Union Pacific at Point of Rocks Station, went from there to St. Louis, where he gave the woman \$1,000 and left her, going thence to Texas and from there to his old home in Ohio, where he gave out that he had become rich by cattle speculations.

"His next move was to go to Philadelphia, where he had his gold dust coined and sold most of the coin. Returning to Hillsboro, he soon found himself surrounded by a bevy of mercenary beauties, all eager to wed him for his money. He made a choice and married a young woman whose relatives are said to be wealthy and influential. All this time, however, the robber was haunted by the memory of his crimes and the fear of retribution. His fears were well founded. A neighbor noticed his actions and his profuse use of money. McKimie bought a fine farm, traded it for a store, and entered upon the life of a merchant. The suspicious neighbor wrote to a friend at Ogallala, Neb., M. F. Leach by name, telling him of McKimie's sudden appearance there, and that he had plenty of money. This was just after the great train robbery at Big Springs, and Leach jumped to the conclusion that it was one of the robbers. He went to Hillsboro, satisfied himself that he was on a false scent, but made up his mind that McKimie was a stage robber. He advised Superintendent Voorhees, and meeting Ex-Sheriff Bullock of Deadwood about that time, told him the story.

"Bullock concluded a trip to Hillsboro would be a good thing to take, and he took it. He arrested McKimie before interviewing Ohio's Governor, but instead of bringing him to Cheyenne at once, as he could and should have done, he put him in jail and went to the Governor. McKimie transferred his property to a legal firm, and took measures to regain his liberty. Bullock found that he had made a mistake, and telegraphed Voorhees to come on and help him out. Voorhees went, but matters were in such shape that a delay of a month or six weeks must ensue before McKimie could be secured, and he left Bullock to bring him, and returned here.

"During an interview with Voorhees, McKimie stated that of the gold secured there was about \$3,000 in bullion, which he and the woman found was too cumbersome to carry, and they buried it. He promised to tell where it was when brought here. He also said that Joel Collins shot Johnny Slaughter, and that he, (McKimie,) shot Hawley, the stage driver, but that this was an accident. His Hillsboro lawyers will come here to defend him.

His name is Robert McKimie, but he was generally known on the road as 'Reddy.'"

Although there were many mysterious hints as to where McKimie was staying, and the persons who were secreting him, it was not publicly known who had harbored and secreted him after his escape, until very recently. His own declarations since his re-capture are more to shield his wife and to justify his actions, than anything else. He declares that she knew nothing of his intention to escape at the time he did, and in fact he had not expected to himself, but the opportunity presented itself, and he secured it. He claims that he did not intend to shoot old man Newell, but that he fired the first shot to scare him, and the other went off accidentally. Just as he reached the gate, Newell's shot tore off the tail of his coat, throwing the cigar case which was found the next morning, some distance in front of him, part of the shot going into the palm of his right hand, where some of them still remain. The third finger of the same hand was also wounded, and one of the shot remains in it. Running across the street, he dashed down the alley between Strain's grocery and the Strauss block to Fred. Zane's tanyard, where he turned due east, crossed High street, and followed the branch to the Belfast pike, which he crossed, going west of the slaughterhouse, then circling around town until he reached the Chillicothe pike, out which he went eastward, keeping the middle of the road, and sharp ear for the sounds of any one approaching. He reached Rainsboro as the clocks were striking one, but did not stop until he arrived at the "Point" near the Cedar Distillery, where he went into an old house and remained until the next day, when he went to Walter Ogle's.

Ogle went over to John Gossett's and sent his hired man to H. O. Cleggett's to tell him that somebody wanted to see him. Cleggett, expecting McKimie to make his escape, was at home waiting for the news to come to him. He and Messmer then went over to Gossett's and found him at home. McKimie was hid in a straw stack, and Gossett took Cleggett out to where he was and then returned to the house. Gossett told Messmer that Cleggett would not be at home that night, and Messmer left. Soon after he arrived at Cleggett's and had gone to bed, he heard the door open and Cleggett come in. He called to those up stairs, asking where the buffalo robe was. Messmer told him, and asked him what was the matter and where he was going that

time of night, to which Cleggett made no reply. He next heard Cleggett ask his wife for a couple of quilts. Messmer then got out of bed and went down stairs. When he reached the porch, Mrs. Cleggett was clinging to the quilts crying, and begging Cleggett to have nothing to do with McKimie, as it would get him in trouble. Messmer then said he knew what was up, that Bob was there. Cleggett said "G—d d—n it, this thing must be kept still or we will all get into a h—ll of a scrape," and told Messmer to go back to bed, pulling the bed clothes away from his wife and starting out toward the barn.

The next morning, Messmer went out to feed, and climbing up in the hay loft,

THERE STOOD "REDDY" WITH TWO DRAWN REVOLVERS.

When he saw who it was, he laid them down saying, "Hello, Frank, is that you?" and then set down and commenced fixing his wounded hand. Messmer walked up to him, when "Reddy" said, "Look at my guns," handing him the largest one. Messmer made some flattering remarks about it, when "Reddy" said, "Here is the daisy," (referring to the name or brand on it.) "Here is the daisy that Henry brought me." Messmer then asked him how he got out, to which he replied, "As easy as rolling off a log, but I got bothered with the d—d doors. I didn't know the location and got into the wrong room. The old man tried to cut me off at the pockets (this is the term used by burglars for a shot about the abdomen.) If he had struck me a little more to one side he would have dropped me."

Messmer then asked him where he got the other gun, to which he replied, "John Penrod bought it for me, and gave it to Florence Ferguson, who is now married to Eubanks.

SHE CARRIED IT IN AND I TOOK IT OUT OF HER POCKET.

"The only thing that worries me now is about my wife. I am afraid they will lock her up. I kept everything from her and didn't intend to escape that night. I had calculated to escape some time before, but the Sheriff got on to me and found the cartridges, but I passed the revolver to a prisoner in the jail named Turner. When the Sheriff searched me, he found some cartridges and wanted to know what I intended doing with them. I told him that I was afraid they were going to kidnap me and

take me away, and that I had an understanding with some friends that in case such an attempt was made, I was to throw the cartridges in the fire and the explosion would alarm them, but Billy didn't tumble to it."

"Reddy" remained in the barn in day time, Messmer and Cleggett going in to see him frequently. He went to the house and slept with Messmer the next two nights, and went to Granstaff's with Cleggett, who had made arrangements with Granstaff to keep him until he could get money from Sloane to get away with.

While he was at Granstaff's, Cleggett went to Bainbridge and bought a bottle of hair dye.

THEY DYED M'KIMIE'S HAIR BLACK,

But poured too much on and it run down his face, staining it so that he was afraid it would give him away, and he had to remain longer than he expected for it to wear off. After staying there eight or ten days, he went over to Perry Rockhold's, making visits at night to friends in Rainsboro, and at Pepple's on Rockyfork. On one of these visits he lost the lump of sugar and pocket handkerchief found by Sheriff Newell.

One night McKimie, armed with a double-barreled shot gun, went with Pepple and Cleggett to Ferguson's, in Rainsboro, to get a center table that he had given to Pepple. On this trip they met Bullock, Newell and Lyle, and some one else, in a spring wagon. They passed them in the road, said good evening, and passed on. [As it was dark, they may have been partly mistaken as to who the persons were in the wagon.—Ed.]

The same night Frank Messmer went with McKimie to Cleggett's, and the same officers came there to search the house.

M'KIMIE WAS HID IN A CLOSET,

And after searching the room they went up stairs, and McKimie and Messmer slipped out of the house through the back door, going up the road and crawling under a culvert. The officers, after searching Cleggett's house started to Grandstaff's, having failed to find the object of their search. *In going to Granstaff's they passed over the culvert in which McKimie and Messmer were hid.* After they had gone about one hundred yards, McKimie and Messmer crawled out, and by the light of the moon tried to distinguish which one was Bullock, in order to shoot him. They

followed the officers some distance, but could not tell Bullock from the others. Messmer and McKimie sat on the fence near Granstaff's house, watching the officers through the windows while they were searching it. They returned to Perry Rockhold's the same night, and the next day Cleggett went over to see Bob and assist in further disguising him, as things were getting too warm for him to stay longer. *Perry cut a bunch of hair from his whiskers under the chin to make "Reddy" a moustache.*

He then remained at Rockhold's in day time, visiting his friends at night, until he found a good opportunity to leave. *When he left he rode Perry Rockhold's bay horse "Snort" to Fearneau's mill.* When he got across the creek at the mill he turned "Snort" loose, and then went to David Moore's farm near Bourneville, where he stayed until the following night, when he went to Jim Ferguson's, in Chillicothe. When he got there he found that Bullock and Newell were there on the hunt for him, and that Norris also was in the city attending Bowsher's trial. "Reddy" had never seen Norris, and was anxious to get a good square look at the noted detective, so that he might be on the lookout for him. The opportunity to see Norris was given him in this way: Ferguson kept a saloon in the rear part of the Emmitt House, and adjoining the bar was a stock room partitioned off from the other apartment by a wooden partition. In this an auger-hole was bored, McKimie was secreted in the stock room, and then Ferguson sent for Bullock and Norris to hold a consultation. While this was going on McKimie had a good look at Norris through the auger-hole. It may seem strange to some persons that McKimie could stay around there and not be detected, but when it is remembered that his appearance was entirely changed by dyeing his hair black and putting on a false moustache, it will not seem so unaccountable. In addition to this, he was dressed in disguise, having a pair of brown overalls and overshirt on. He left Chillicothe the next afternoon, Ferguson refusing to allow him to stay around his premises. Taking the night east bound train he went to Charleston, West Virginia. Two weeks afterward McKimie's wife left Chillicothe, going to Richmond, Virginia, where she met her husband. They both remained there for some time. Reddy wanted to go to Texas, but was afraid his wife would not be contented there, and the idea was abandoned. They both then went to Raleigh, North Carolina, and stayed one month, then to Charleston, South Carolina, stopping there one

month, then to Savannah, Georgia, where, after remaining two months, his wife became uneasy for fear he would be recaptured. McKimie made inquiry about the extradition laws, and found that at Nassau, on the Bermuda Islands, he would be safe. They went there and stayed until he ran out of money. McKimie, it should have been stated before, had about \$600 when he left Ohio. The Bermudas are under British Government, and after McKimie ran out of money and became indebted for board, he was arrested and thrown into prison for debt. The reports that he broke jail there are incorrect. He served out his time, forty-one days, and was released. He then called on the American Consul, who interested himself in his behalf, and arranged for Bob to work his way to New York on a vessel. Leaving his wife at Nassau he went to New York, and came to Ohio, for the purpose of getting money from Sloane & Hough, and also to get possession of the little mare "Daisy" if possible. On his return he stopped with Cleggett and Granstaff. He failed to get any money, and was absolutely in destitute circumstances, and to make a raise he and Messmer arranged to rob old man Roads. Mr. Roads, who is nearly 80 years old, was sitting in his chair when they burst in the door, and Reddy covered him with his revolver, while Messmer performed the same operation over Mosier.

McKimie, knowing the old man was infirm and not able to get out of his chair, laid his "guns" down while he deliberately searched the house for money. After obtaining what money they could, they went back to Granstaff's and divided, Messmer getting \$10 and Reddy \$80. McKimie then returned to the Bermudas and joined his wife, going there via Savannah, Georgia. He stayed there until the 10th of October, when he again went to New York, working his passage as before. However, on his first return, he met "New York Charley" as he was going through Georgia; and as he was coming to Ohio the second time they met again at Parkersburg, W. Va., where Charley was living. The two soon struck a bargain to rob the Bainbridge banks, McKimie and Cleggett having previously had some kind of an understanding about the matter. They came on the train to Chillicothe, where they both got off and walked to Granstaff's house, going via Bourneville and Bainbridge. They were compelled to do this because they were penniless, and besides were ragged, dirty and footsore.

The foregoing confession was given by Messmer, as has been already stated, while he was in the Waverly jail. After receiving his sentence of ten years in the Penitentiary, he was taken there by Detective Norris, leaving Waverly on Monday. He protested his innocence until nearing Columbus, notwithstanding the efforts that had been made to induce him to make a clean breast of everything. At a station about twenty miles from Columbus, Hon. Martin Schilder came aboard the train, and having known Messmer from a child took a seat by his side, and aided Mr. Norris in inducing him to make a confession. They talked to him, assuring him that he had nothing to lose but all to gain by a confession, bracing him up with the argument that he was not so far gone as to perjure himself, as he had not sworn on the stand that he was not guilty. By coming out manfully with the whole thing it would undoubtedly create a sympathy in his behalf that would be of material aid to him in gaining the confidence and good will of the prison officials, and might possibly result in having some influence toward securing a pardon for him after he had served a few years. They appealed to him in behalf of his father and mother, and finally he broke down and commenced crying, and said :

"Gentlemen, I will tell you all about it; Granstaff told the truth, but that d—d Cleggett lied all the time he was on the stand. All that Granstaff had to do with it was that he knew we were going to do the job, but Cleggett put up the job at Granstaff's house."

Norris asked him how the thing first started. Messmer said that Bob McKimie and New York Charley came there in October, going to Cleggett's. Cleggett was out feeding hogs, and Bob beckoned to him, when Cleggett went to them, afterward taking them both over to Granstaff's, and then sending for Messmer.

"I went over, and the subject of robbing the Bainbridge banks came up and was discussed. Bob stayed at Granstaff's, while Charley and I went over to Bainbridge and examined the banks. Charley said it would be 'snide,' and a dead give away.

"We then returned to Granstaff's, who was living at that time in the Cider Press house. I only stayed there a short time, and then went home. Granstaff having but little to eat about the house, Bob and Charley went out foraging. They went to Billy Redkey's store in Rainsboro, where they both went in, got some stuff, and took it down to Granstaff's. Charlie had a pair of men's

drawers with strings tied around the bottoms, filled with coffee. Bob had a pair of pants tied in the same way, filled with sugar. They also had a caddy of tobacco, some cigars, and other stuff. They went to Rainsboro for the purpose of cracking Hulitt's safe, but had no tools, and went into Redkey's store. We had a meeting again on Sunday at Granstaff's. On Sunday evening we all went down together, I stopping at home, Bob and Charley going over to Rockhold's. That night they went to Bainbridge for the purpose of going through Hulling's hardware store, to make a raise of some revolvers; but after getting there somebody told them that he hadn't any that was any account. Who it was that told them I do not know. They then went through Pepple's store, getting an outfit apiece, and some extra clothing which they hid in Pap's barn, and then went to Granstaff's cabin on Cleggett's farm, where Granstaff had left some household goods. There they went to keeping bachelor's hall.

"On Wednesday Mrs. Burnside, mother-in-law of Granstaff, returned home and found them in possession of the house. I went over on Wednesday, when Bob and Charlie had the falling out about robbing the Bainbridge banks. Cleggett wanted it done his way; Bob wanted to boss the job, and Charley swore that he would be d—d if he mightn't boss it alone, and he would go home. So Cleggett furnished a horse, and Bob took him to Greenfield, both of them riding the same horse, Bob getting back about daylight. Next evening Cleggett had the saddles brought from the house and put where we could get them, and

BOB AND I STARTED FOR EUBANKS' HOUSE,

Riding Cleggett's horses. Going to Jones', Bob stayed in the road with the horses, while I went to the house and called Johnny. Jones' father got up and came to the door, and I asked him if Johnny was at home. He said he was. I told him there was a little dance going on and we wanted Johnny to go along, and asked him if he could. He said he might, and called him down. I told Johnny there was some one out in the road that wanted to see him. He went back and got his hat and overcoat, and came out to where Bob was standing with the horses. He told him what the job was, and ask him if he knew any thing about the house. Said he did. Bob asked him if Cleggett had not been speaking to him about the job some time ago. Said he had. He

asked him if he would go along now and get their sugar. Said he would, and got his horse and they started over. When they got to Eubanks' house they cut a pane of glass out of a window at the end of the house, but couldn't get the window up. They then went around to the doors, Jones and McKimie to the front, while I went in the back door. They both knocked at the same time. The old women jumped up and commenced blowing a horn, when Bob and Jones picked up the stone step and threw it against the door, bursting it open. They then rushed in, stopped their noise, and threw them on the floor. I ran around to the front door and run in and closed it. Bob had one old woman down, and Jones the other. They then set them in chairs by the fire, while I stood guard over them, and Bob and Jones went to searching the house for valuables. The old women sat there perfectly unconcerned, and didn't seem to care a d—n.

"We got \$720 in money, some jewelry, and three sets of spoons. I got \$60. Jones got \$260. The little son of a b—h stood me off on \$200. He thought he was playing it on me, but I knew he was getting his, and you will find it back of Jones' house along the fence, hid in a tin cup. We then went up to Cynthiana to go through old Dan Bryant's, but old Mrs. Tong was sick and people were sitting up with her, and we were afraid it would be a dead give away. We saw two men in the alley who had been sitting up with her, as we supposed. We heard the clocks strike three; McKimie and I went back to Granstaff's, where we squared up.

"He gave Mrs. Granstaff one set of spoons, and took the balance away with him. Cleggett came to me the day I was arrested in Bainbridge, and told me to watch out; the detectives were on the track for the Eubanks robbery, for Norris had been inquiring of him what kind of horses he had, when he got them shod, and the kind of shoes he had put on, and he guessed he must have some clue to that thing, and wondered who in h—l seen them that night. He asked me if I remembered meeting anybody on the way. I then went down back of Sprinkle's saloon and dropped what money I had left (\$45) over the fence. It was wrapped up in a piece of paper, and I dropped it in the weeds right in the corner where the board fence corners with the paling fence on Fernean's lot."

ROBBING THE BAINBRIDGE BANKS.

THE PLAN OF THE ROBBERS.

WHY IT WAS NOT CARRIED OUT.

The proposed robbery of the Bainbridge banks was discussed at Granstaff's between McKimie, New York Charlie, Granstaff, Messmer and Cleggett. Cleggett wanted Jones to take a hand in it, but as he was in the Hillsboro jail, that was out of the question. McKimie remained at Granstaff's while New York Charley and Messmer went to Bainbridge and examined the banks. They then returned to Granstaff's, and Charley and McKimie had a fuss as Mc. wanted to "boss" the job, Charlie insisting that there was nothing in it and he would have nothing to do with the job, and said that if Bob wanted to "boss" it, he might do so without him, and he would go home, which he did, as stated in Messmer's confession.

The plan, as proposed, was for McKimie and New York Charlie to ride into Bainbridge on horseback, and tie their horses in front of Rockhold, Cook & Co.'s bank, which is in the western part of town, having previously cut their hitch straps partly through. Messmer and Granstaff were to tie their horses in front of a saloon near Spargur, Hulitt & Co.'s bank, in the eastern part of town. McKimie and Charley were to go into Rockhold's bank, where Charlie would present a draft and ask to have it cashed, and while the bank clerk was engaged in doing this, McKimie was to draw his two big navy revolvers on the clerk, while Charlie should leap over the counter and seize all the money in sight and in the vault, which of course would be open. When McKimie should draw his revolvers, he was to announce his name, and this, together with the "guns," it was expected would strike terror to the heart of the surprised bank clerk, and prevent him from giving any alarm.

Having secured the money, they were to dash out, leap on their horses and gallop away, the hitch straps easily snapping off. Should the citizens attempt their capture, they would shoot right and left, and in the excitement make their escape westward. While this was going on, it was supposed that the alarmed citizens would all rush down the street toward Rockhold & Cook's bank,

the Spargur bank being left unprotected, except perhaps by one of the clerks. Then Messmer and Granstaff were to dash into that bank and rob it, and escape on their horses eastwardly before the crowd returned from the chase at the other end of the town or recovered from the consternation caused by the bold and dastardly raid.

This, it must be borne in mind, was all to occur in broad daylight, and when the plans and details are considered, it certainly would have been one of the most daring robberies ever conceived. The probabilities are that they would have been successful, but Charlie decided that there was not money enough in it to run such a big risk. He was also afraid that Messmer and Granstaff wouldn't have nerve enough to carry out their part of the programme, and thus the raid was abandoned.

The excitement created over the bold and daring operations of the robbers, was of course intense. The Roads robbery, the first one perpetrated, struck terror in the breasts of the people of that quiet neighborhood, and from the bold and fearless manner in which it was committed, and the size and general appearance of one of the robbers, they became convinced that McKimie was again in their midst, and that he was one of those who committed the robbery. The other robberies followed as has been stated, and in the meantime, the suspicion that McKimie was the leader of the gang gained strength, and there were rumors that he had actually been seen in the neighborhood. Finally when the two maiden ladies, the Eubanks sisters, were robbed, the citizens decided that some effort must be made for their own protection, to ferret out the perpetrators and bring them to justice. Consultations were held, and a letter was sent to John T. Norris, of Springfield, O., a noted detective, in regard to the matter.

HOW NORRIS WORKED THE CASE UP.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 30th, while Mr. Norris and his wife were out riding, a letter was handed to him by a policeman, the letter being addressed "John T. Norris, Detective, Springfield, O., care Chief of Police. Important; please deliver immediately." Stated that two old ladies had been robbed near Bainbridge, that several daring robberies had been committed in the neighborhood, and that meetings had been held, and a deter-

mination arrived at to employ a detective and break up the gang. The letter was signed by a prominent merchant of Bainbridge in behalf of the citizens. Mr. Norris started promptly, arriving at Bainbridge on Tuesday, six days after the Eubanks robbery. He held a consultation with the gentlemen who were taking an active part in the matter, and then procuring a team, went out to the Eubanks' residence, about nine miles in the country, where he learned all particulars, and considered the case in its various bearings. He soon concluded from the way the job was done, that he could see the marks of an experienced hand in it. In Sunday's Enquirer, he had read a dispatch saying that McKimie was supposed to be in the neighborhood of where the robberies had been committed, and putting all things together, he soon arrived at the conviction that it was just the kind of bold, daring robbery that McKimie would likely be engaged in. It was not generally known that the two old maids (Eubanks) kept any large amount of money about them, and Mr. Norris was at a loss to understand how the fact could have become known except through some near relative or confidential friend. This feature at first directed his mind in that channel, and he sought an interview with a certain relative, having a suspicion that he might have had a hand in the robbery. He soon became convinced, however, that this person was entirely innocent, and that he had had nothing at all to do with it. He next turned his attention to the township assessor, Mr. Jones, but was soon convinced that this gentleman was above reproach, but learned at the same time that he had a son who was a pretty hard case, and from his reputation in the neighborhood, would not likely hesitate to do such a job. He then again thought of McKimie, and having been called on when McKimie escaped from the Highland County jail, to assist in finding him, Mr. Norris set himself to work shadowing them. He soon learned that Messmer had been seen with a large amount of money for him, and also that Jones and Messmer had held frequent consultations together. He made inquiry of Messmer as to his whereabouts on the night of the robbery, and he told him that he was at Cleggett's.

Norris then went to Cleggett's, and ascertained that Messmer was not at Cleggett's on that night, but was there the night before, and had stayed at Granstaff's on the night of the Eubanks robbery, which contradicted Messmer's story. He was sure, then, he had a clue, and went to work diligently to find out his associ-

ates. The next point made by the shrewd detective was, that Messmer had given them money to get changed, stating that he was afraid to get it changed himself for fear he would be suspected of having a hand in the Eubanks robbery.

As soon as he heard this, he arrested Messmer, charging him with the crime. On questioning him, he said that he had received \$15 from Cleggett, which was all the money he had had in the last three months, but as Norris had already traced up over \$30 that Messmer had spent within a short time, this statement of course only strengthened Mr. Norris' case. His brother John then put in an appearance, and knowing that there were three persons connected with the robbery, Norris arrested him on suspicion, from the fact that he answered the description given of one of the robbers. The next nut for the detective to crack, was how the robbers found out that the Eubanks sisters had this money, and learning that Granstaff's wife had been raised by a sister of theirs, and having traced Messmer to Granstaff's on the night of the robbery, he next turned his attention to investigating Granstaff's connection with the affair. The Grand Jury being in session at Waverley, he went out to Granstaff's and suppœnaed him and Cleggett, as witnesses. Taking the former before the jury first, he gave evidence that was contradictory to what Norris knew to be true, as to Messmer's whereabouts on the night of the robbery. Knowing Granstaff to be a man of muscle, and hard to handle, he decided to resort to strategy in arresting him,—and to throw him off his guard, they went to the Hotel together, chatting and joking quite freely. Norris opened the subject of persons slipping hand-cuffs off their hands, telling Granstaff that he could take a pair off any man's hands without unlocking them. Granstaff immediately held up his hands and said :

“TRY THE HAND-CUFFS ON ME.”

Mr. Norris put them on *to accommodate him*, and as soon as he got them fastened, told him he was his prisoner, and read the warrant for his arrest, which he had in his pocket. Granstaff was taken completely by surprise, and became very angry, and looking up, said, “Norris, you have done me a d-d dirty, mean trick.” Norris told him that was nothing when he got used to it, and that it would all rub off when it got dry, but it would

take several years in the Penitentiary before this would dry up. He was then placed in jail. This transpired about 6 o'clock P. M., on Tuesday, just one week from the time Norris commenced work on the case. The next day he started for Granstaff's house, to interview his wife and inform her of the arrest of her husband, and also to take her before the Grand Jury as a witness. He found her at a neighbor's, and got her to go to Squire McMullen's, another neighbor, arriving there about 9 o'clock that night. With the assistance of the Squire and his wife, efforts were made to get her to make a full confession, and give them all the particulars of the Eubanks robbery, feeling sure that the plotting and planning was all done in her house, and that her husband was one of the guilty parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Granstaff are the parents of two beautiful children, and the wily detective soon found that the way to her confidence was through these children. Taking one of them on each knee, the three opened a series of earnest pleadings with the mother, stating that her husband was under arrest, that Messmer had confessed everything, blaming it all on him and other parties, but that he would not tell on any of them but Granstaff. He tried his best to effect her to tears with his pleadings, depicting to her the awful consequences of letting Messmer make a confession that would send her husband to the Penitentiary, while he would go unpunished, and leaving her alone in the cold, cold world with two dear little ones to support. The woman's eyes began to moisten; the oldest child seeming to comprehend that there was trouble about its father, turned to the mother and said.

“WILL PAPA BE HOME TO-MORROW?”

Mr. Norris noticed the effect on her, and knew that his time had come. Putting his arms around both of the little ones, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said: “Oh, poor little things, if you could only realize it. It would be better if both were dead. Mrs. Granstaff, for your children's sake, and for your husband's sake, do not allow your dear husband to end his days behind the grim walls and rusty grates of a felon's cell, in order to shield a man like Frank Messmer.” She broke down and commenced crying. The youngest child put its arms around her neck, and as it did so, Norris turned to the mother, and said: “If that child could only speak, and tell what is in store in the

future, you *would* tell all." She could stand it no longer, and looking up, said:

" I WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT."

She then made a full confession, stating that Bob McKimie was the leader, that her husband was not there, that McKimie and Messmer went over and got Jones, and that the three robbed the old women. That McKimie and Messmer returned to her house about 4 o'clock in the morning, and divided the money, making her a present of a set of silver spoons, and that she had them buried under a stump back of the house, and would get them when daylight came, it being 3 o'clock in the morning when she made the confession. At daylight, Mrs. Granstaff and Squire McMullen went over to her house and brought the spoons back to Squire McMullen's, and gave them to Mr. Norris. She then accompanied him to Waverly, as a witness before the Grand Jury, where she made the same statement. Mr. Norris arranged, so that while Mrs. Granstaff was in the Grand Jury room, she would sit at a window where her husband could see her from his cell window. He then went over to the jail, and had an interview with Granstaff, and called his attention to the window where Mrs. Granstaff was sitting, and asked if he knew who that was sitting there. Granstaff looked out, and in a very surprised manner said: " Why, by G-d, that's my wife, how in h-l did she get here?" Said Norris to him, " Granstaff, you are lost; your wife is up in that Grand Jury room, making a full confession of everything." Granstaff replied that she had nothing to confess, and he hadn't either. " We don't know anything about the d—d robbery, never knew there was such people living until after they were robbed, and you can't come any of your sharp tricks on me." Norris replied: " She has confessed all, and to convince you of the fact,

HERE ARE THE SILVER SPOONS,"

at the same time running his hand in his pocket and pulling them out. Granstaff's head dropped, and he sat down in a chair. Norris then related what she had told him. Granstaff raising his head, said: " Norris, if I tell you all about it, you will send me to the Penitentiary for perjury before the Grand Jury." Norris told him no, that he was not working up perjury cases,

his business was to work up the Eubanks robbery. Granstaff replied: "I will tell you all about it, and tell you the truth, if you will believe me." He then did so, corroborating in every particular the statements made by his wife, and then went before the Grand Jury. He also gave Norris full particulars of the plan to rob the Bainbridge banks, and of the robberies of Redkey's store, Pepples, and Roads and Mosier, and told him that if he would save him from

GOING TO THE PENITENTIARY

he would give him information of McKimie's whereabouts, and aid him in every way he could to find and capture him.

He then detailed the full particulars, which we have given of McKimie after his escape from the Hillsboro jail, as well as New York Charlie's whereabouts, description, haunts, &c., all of which Mr. Norris has so far found to be true and correct to the letter. Norris immediately notified the Bainbridge Banks, Roads, Mosier, Pepple and Redkey, of the facts—the result of his work, and telegraphed Sheriff Newell to meet him at Waverly, and bring Mosier and Roads with him. On their arrival at Waverly, Granstaff made the same confession that he had made to Norris.

A meeting of the Pike County Commissioners was called, and they offered a reward for the capture of McKimie for the robbery of the Eubanks women, and gave Norris letters to the Commissioners of Ross and Highland Counties, urging them to aid in like manner the bringing to justice of the notorious outlaw, as their interests were equal to those of Pike County. While this was being done, the citizens of Rainsboro, Bainbridge, and other places had started subscription papers, and Norris was furnished with money to bear his expenses, Sheriff Newell and the Commissioners of Pike County contributing liberally.

Detective Norris ascertained that McKimie intended sailing from New York on the 3d of December, and also that his plan was to bring his wife and leave her with his uncle, Dr. McKimie, at Proctor, West Virginia. Norris left here on the trail, and on arrival at New York, ascertained that McKimie had applied for tickets at the office of the steamship agency, but the draft he offered in payment was not bankable and was refused. In addition to this, McKimie was informed that the vessel would not

leave until the thirteenth of December, and this explains why he came back to Ohio.

NORRIS WAS HOT ON HIS TRAIL,

and on his arrival at Waverly again, learned of the suspicions in regard to the cabin, a place, by the way, that he had men already watching, suspecting that McKimie made it his hiding place at times. The next thing the detective heard was of the capture as follows, which we copy from the Hillsboro *Gazette's* extra of Nov. 29th:

“A little blue curling smoke has been the means of leading to the capture of Bob McKimie, alias “Little Reddy from Texas,” the notorious desperado and red-handed robber. The Granstaff cabin, on Henry Cleggett's farm, has been unoccupied by the family for several days, Granstaff being on trial at Waverly, and his wife also being there as a witness. Some three or four days ago Mrs. Cleggett noticed smoke coming from the chimney of the cabin, and on Wednesday evening she saw two men go up the hill and enter the cabin. Mrs. Cleggett mentioned the matter to John Bruce, who told George Coventry, and he notified E. A. Mosier, who made up his mind at once that it was McKimie who was in the cabin. Mr. Mosier mounted his horse immediately and notified the neighbors, and about 12 o'clock yesterday a crowd of perhaps one hundred and fifty excited and determined men surrounded the cabin. A parley was held, and the crowd divided into three parties, occupying commanding positions. While a consultation was being held as to the best course to pursue, two young men, Cary Roads and Isaac Jones, started to the cabin, Jones saying that he was not afraid to go in if McKimie was there. As they approached, Roads saw the window-curtain drawn aside and McKimie looking out. He raised his shot-gun and fired, and then ran like a rabbit. In another instant the door opened and McKimie, with cocked revolver,

ORDERED JONES TO COME INSIDE

or he would kill him. Jones went in, remained about fifteen minutes, when he and “Reddy” came out, the latter with a revolver in each hand. The two walked slowly up the hill toward a piece of timber, McKimie threatening to kill Jones if the crowd should fire on him or attempt his capture. Reaching a point perhaps one hundred yards from the cabin, they stopped, McKimie holding the crowd at bay, and exchanging threat for threat.

“Finally the crowd began to draw closer around him, when he again threatened to shoot if they advanced any further. After

about a half hour had passed, a shot was fired at McKimie, who was endeavoring all the time to

SHIELD HIMSELF BEHIND JONES.

"The shot took effect in the left breast near the nipple, but the desperado still refused to surrender, and another shot was fired, which hit him in the right cheek, at the side of the nose, the bullet passing through the cheek and coming out about the point of the jaw-bone. This staggered him, and he partly fell to the ground. Seeing that the crowd was in *dead earnest*, he handed his revolvers to Jones, and walked toward one of the parties surrounding him. He was searched and another revolver, a small one, was found in his hip pocket. The other two are large six shot navy revolvers, eight inch barrel, and every chamber of all three revolvers was loaded. A three cent piece and a copper was all the money that was found on him, and a pocket knife and some other little articles of no value, and two masks or false faces was all that was found on his person. His captors took him to Rainsboro, three miles west of where he was captured, and Drs. Garrett, McBride and Lee dressed his wounds. The one in the left breast was probed, but the ball could not be found, and is supposed to be still in him. The overcoat he had on has been identified as one stolen from Pepple's store at Bainbridge recently. The excitement at Rainsboro was intense, and

THREATS OF HANGING HIM WERE MADE OPENLY,

some of the best citizens advocating that mode of disposing of him as the proper one. McKimie was very uneasy and seemed to fear that he would be lynched, and begged Mr. Mosier to protect him and not allow the crowd to take his life.

"He was taken to Tom Wilson's for supper, and preparations made to bring him to Hillsboro. He was quite anxious about who was to bring him, and wanted to select the men to bring him to jail, still fearing, no doubt, that he would

DANGLE AT THE END OF A ROPE

if certain men, whom he had good reason to fear, should be given charge of him. About the time they were ready to leave, Sheriff Newell, who was returning from Waverly, came along and took charge of the prisoner. Placing him in a spring wagon, with arms pinioned and legs chained together, and guarded by a half dozen well armed and resolute men, they started, but before they left Rainsboro his guards had hard work to keep the crowd from taking him away and wreaking summary justice upon him.

"The gentlemen who had charge of him were E. A. Mosier,

John Bruce, Tom Wilson, M. B. Parker, Walk Baker and Bob Hill. When they arrived at the edge of Carothers' woods, one mile this side of Rainsboro, a crowd of perhaps fifteen or twenty persons were seen standing at the side of the road, and

THREE MEN ON HORSEBACK SEIZED THE HORSES

And ordered them to drive through the gate into the woods. Sheriff Newell issued his order promptly to the parties to desist or suffer the consequences, the driver of the spring wagon giving his horses a smart cut with his whip at the same time, and, although the three men had succeeded in turning the team partly around, they got safely away with their prisoner, a shot being fired at them as they drove rapidly off toward this place.

"The word had preceded them here, Mr. James Carlisle having arrived here about 7:30 P. M., with the information. We proceeded at once to the jail, and by a good fire awaited the arrival of the great criminal.

"At 9 P. M. the guard at the door announced that they were at the gate, and in a few minutes, through the same door-way from which McKimie made his escape last February, came six stalwart men bearing

THE BOUND AND BLOODY CAPTIVE,

A heavy chain around his legs and his arms securely pinioned with ropes, preventing the use of his limbs, and he was carried up stairs and seated in a chair in the Sheriff's room. A small shawl was bound around his face, and a black, soft hat, much too large for him, hid his features from view. When the chains and ropes were removed, he straightened his cramped limbs, and drawing off his buck gauntlets remarked, as he threw them carelessly on the floor, that he 'guessed he wouldn't have any use for them again for awhile.' When the old hat was removed, there in the glaring gas light sat before us

THE ROBBER CHIEF,

young in years but old in crime; and as he sat there with his arms still pinioned, we were reminded of the appearance of Bowsher, when he made his last appearance on any stage. To our inquiry about his wounds, he replied lightly, saying they didn't amount to anything, and, uncovering his breast, showed us the blackened and bloody wound made by the rifle ball. Then putting his hand to the bridge of his nose, he said, 'There is a shot here under the skin where Cary Roads hit me when he fired through the window.'

"Old Mr. Newell came up and shook hands with him, 'Reddy' greeting him quite cheerily with 'How are you, Uncle Sammy?'

There is some of your work'—holding up his right hand and showing scars on the middle finger and on the back of the hand —'there is one of your shot in that finger yet; but I don't blame you; you did just right; I would have done the same thing if I had been in your place.' Mr. Newell didn't make any reply, and in fact did not appear to have much love or sympathy for the fellow. After the ropes and chains had all been removed, the Sheriff notified him that his cell was ready, and springing quickly to his feet he followed and was soon

AGAIN BEHIND THE BOLTS AND BARS OF THE HIGHLAND
COUNTY JAIL.

"He was put in the same cell with Ed. Jones, Charley Slusser and Dennis Lynch, the front cell on the second floor.

"Detective Norris arrived this morning, and in company with him we again visited the jail. McKimie complains somewhat of the wound in his side, but says the one in the face does not bother him any, although his face is badly swollen. He sent for his attorneys, Messrs. Sloane & Hough, and had a long interview with them in the Sheriff's room. Detective Norris brought a warrant for McKimie from Pike County, where Court is in session, and where there are three indictments against him. A carriage was ordered, and Norris was about to leave with the prisoner for Waverly, when the Sheriff's bondsmen called at the jail and informed him that he must consult counsel and see whether Norris had a legal right to take McKimie, before he delivered him up. Quite a large crowd of citizens gathered in front of the jail, and much dissatisfaction was expressed about surrendering the prisoner to Norris. The general opinion seemed to be that as McKimie was a fugitive from this jail, Highland County had the first claim upon his body.

"The arrest was made by citizens of Highland County without the aid of any of the officers, and this, added to the other facts, made the people all the more reluctant to see him given up. As Pike County has offered a reward for the arrest of McKimie, the detective would no doubt have secured it if he had been permitted to take him there. The Sheriff, after consulting a lawyer, declined to deliver the prisoner, and McKimie remains in the Hillsboro jail, for the present, at least. Norris informs us that in addition to the three Pike County indictments, there is one in Ross, where they have also offered a reward for McKimie. There are three in this county against him.

"Norris says McKimie told him that if he or Sheriff Newell or any other officer but Bullock had attempted his arrest, he would not have resisted, but he would kill Bullock if he could. This statement will, of course, be taken for what it is worth.

"Detective Norris says that Sheriff Newell deserves credit for his liberality, as he told him to follow McKimie anywhere at

any cost, and to draw on him for money if he should need it. The Sheriff gave Norris \$50 when he started to New York, and had previously advanced him liberal amounts. It has cost Sheriff Newell nearly \$300, and the public should subscribe liberally toward reimbursing him. We think that the people will be very glad to hear that the desperado has been caught: that they will feel it their duty to help pay at least a portion of the expense of his pursuit and capture. Mr. Norris says that Sheriff Newell is the first man to give him full swing in the capture of a prisoner, and that his willingness to pay all expenses when there was a gleam of hope of his capture, entitles him to much credit.

"In regard to the disposition to be made of McKimie, the counsel consulted by the Sheriff advises that the matter be submitted to the Commissioners, and messengers have accordingly been sent for them. They are expected here to-night, and will decide as to what disposition shall be made of McKimie. Detective Norris will remain until their decision is made known.

"We stated in the beginning of this article that two men were seen going into the cabin by Mrs. Cleggett. After McKimie's arrest, Mr. Mosier and others went there and searched, but found no one else. They found the dishes that 'Reddy' had been using, and a little food, but nothing else of consequence.

"McKimie says he is not guilty of many crimes charged against him, but supposes he will have to suffer for the sins of others. He is not disposed to converse much, but during the two hours that we spent in jail this morning, we could not detect any signs of fear or nervousness, but, on the other hand, he maintains his stoical appearance, although it is evident that he realizes that he is in a pretty tight place.

"The wound in his face bled very profusely at first, but he says it is not giving him any trouble. He complains considerably to-day of the wound in his side, and is, we think, somewhat uneasy about it."

McKimie refuses to tell where the pistol came from that he had when he escaped from jail, but says he had but one. It is thought that the small revolver found in his hip-pocket at the time of his capture is the same one he had when he escaped. He declares that his wife knew nothing of his intention to make his escape that night, as the opportunity presented itself and he seized it. He states that he did not intend to shoot old man Newell, but fired the first shot to scare him, and the other went off accidentally. Just as he reached the gate Newell's shot tore off the tail of his coat, throwing the cigar-case some distance in front of him, part of the shot going into the palm of his right hand, where some of them still remain. His third finger was also wounded, and one of the shots still remains in it. He then ran across the

street and through the alley to Zane's tanyard, where he turned due east, crossing High street and following the branch to the Belfast pike, which he crossed, going west of the slaughter-house, and circling around town until he reached the Chillicothe pike, out which he went, keeping the middle of the road, and reaching Rainsboro just as the clocks were striking one. He did not stop, but kept ahead until he reached the "Point," near the Cedar Dis-



"GRANSTAFF'S CABIN."

tillery, where he went into an old house and remained until the next day, when a friend came to him. He refuses to give the name of this friend, but from the testimony of H. O. Cleggett it is suspected that he is the man, as he stated that McKimie was hid in his barn several days after he made his escape. McKimie claims to have gone East, where he remained some time, probably until he came back to plan and assist in the Roads robbery.

Of course he is silent as to his whereabouts at or about the time the robberies were committed in Highland, Ross and Pike counties, but says he came West with a "pal," who was going to

Chicago and wanted him to go along; but hearing of Cleggett's arrest, through a letter written him, he got off the cars at Greenfield, walked west on the track a few miles, and then struck across the country, arriving at Granstaff's cabin to find them absent, not knowing of Granstaff's arrest. He found some victuals, and after eating went to bed, supposing the family would soon return. He says he was tired and worn out, and slept until late next day, so soundly that he could have been carried out without being awakened. He says that the crowd that surrounded him showed evident signs of fear, and that he intended to make a break, shooting over their heads, but that after he was wounded he found that to be impracticable. He thinks that the crowd would have become so demoralized that he could have made his escape. This is his opinion, perhaps, but our own is that he would have been riddled with bullets had he made any such attempt.

The letter that was found in his cell is given below, and together with the above statement explains a good deal of the mystery surrounding Little Reddy's case.

"LITTLE REDDY."

THE HIDDEN LETTER FOUND IN HIS CELL.

The morning after McKimie made his escape from jail in February last, a thorough search was made of his cell, and wrapped up carefully in his wife's night clothes, under the bolster of the bed, was found the following letter, which we have copied from the original. The existence of this letter was known to but very few, and it has never before been made public. As long as he was at large, there was a hope that through it his capture might be effected. We give it *verbatim*:

Clara until now I have kept you in ignorance of my intentions. I know you will condemn the step I have taken but it is for the best you will feel better when you know that I am free than you would iff you could be with me in prison iff I was sent to the west you could not go with me and then you would never be satisfied as it is I can stay away a year or too and then come and see you you can write to Walda Walda co texas to the name of Frank Poindextel I have lots of friends there iff a sheriff wants me he could not take me there you can live with your friends you will have enough to keep you your uncle Sharp and uncle tom will think hard of me for this but you tell them it is for the best I

have money enough to take me where I want to go when I get there I will be all right do not write for a month yet and then be very careful how you mail your letters do not let nobody know where I am not even your Aunt Ann then iff I am caught nobody will be to blame give all my old clothes to Ed take care of your self and dont forget me Robert

Of course the excitement was great, as the word spread rapidly that McKimie had been re-captured. Telegrams were sent to the Cincinnati daily papers, and twelve hours after the desperado was placed behind the bars, the particulars of his capture were known all over the country. Crowds of country people flocked in, and for several days knots of people could be seen on the streets discussing the matter, or gazing with curious eyes upon the grated window of McKimie's cell. Telegrams were sent to Detective Bullock, the supposition being that the requisition of the Governor of Wyoming Territory held good, of course. In the meantime, however, Detective Norris and the Prosecuting Attorney of Pike County had hastened to Columbus and laid their claim before the Governor, asking that the requisition be revoked. The Governor, although knowing all the circumstances of McKimie's escape, while the delivery of the prisoner was pending on the legal points of the case, did not see proper to await Mr. Bullock's arrival, and the presentation of his claims as Agent for the Territory of Wyoming, but submitted the case to the Attorney General, and upon his advice, revoked the requisition.

Mr. Norris came here at once and demanded the prisoner, but Sheriff Newell, by the advice of legal counsel, decided to submit the case to the County Commissioners, and they were accordingly summoned by telegraph. We quote again from the *Gazette*:

"Commissioners Bogart and Long arrived here on Friday evening, in answer to the Sheriff's request, but decided that they had no authority in regard to the disposition of McKimie, further than to require that the utmost care and vigilance be exercised over him by the Sheriff, who accordingly put leg irons on the prisoner on Saturday morning. McKimie did not object, in fact he seemed perfectly willing to be ironed when the Sheriff informed him that his own safety demanded it, as the people were in dead earnest, and would not submit to any foolishness any longer. He told Reddy that the public censured him (the Sheriff) for his previous escape, and unless they were satisfied that he was doing everything in his power to keep him, there was danger of them

taking the law into their own hands. The irons permit him to walk around his cell without much inconvenience, and are worn all the time, night and day.

"The Commissioners also appointed Capt. Ed. Mullenix special night guard, an appointment that gives good satisfaction, as everybody knows what kind of stuff he is made of. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that not only is the guard well armed, but the Sheriff's room is a perfect arsenal. The jail now contains twelve prisoners, all of them in for penitentiary offenses, and Sheriff Newell realizing the situation, is running the hotel accordingly.

"Very few persons are admitted to the jail, and no one is permitted to converse with McKimie except in the presence of the guard. Reddy complained of shooting pains around his heart on Friday and Saturday, and coughed up some blood. Dr. Shepherd examined the wound in his breast, the only one that gives him much trouble, but did not arrive at any definite opinion, as it could not be probed. On Friday McKimie sent the Doctor a small sliver of bone, which he claimed to have coughed up. Examined under the microscope it looked like a fragment from the outside of a rib, indicating that the rib had been splintered by the ball, and that this fragment had penetrated the lung tissue. The Doctor did not seem fully satisfied that McKimie had coughed it up, and was careful to qualify his statements to us by repeated 'ifs.'

"Notwithstanding his professed uneasiness about his wound and the complaints about the pains it gives him, McKimie seems to pass the time pretty well. There are three other young chaps in the same cell with him. He is as bitter as ever, and vows his determination to 'kill the d—d nigger' who shot him, and three or four others in the neighborhood of Rainsboro.

"He says his wife is at Jersey City, which we presume to be correct. He also says the 'Bermuda' story was a 'give away,' but as his reputation for veracity remains to be established, we cannot place much dependence on any of his stories.

"McKimie's great fear is that he will be taken to the Black Hills; and he is ready—in fact anxious—to plead guilty to the indictments against him in Highland, Ross and Pike, and take his medicine. We predict that by the time this article is read by a large portion of our subscribers,

BOB M'KIMIE WILL BE ON HIS WAY TO THE FAR WEST,

to answer for the murder of Johnny Slaughter, robbing the U. S. Mail, and for the Black Hills stage coach robberies."

Mr. Bullock arrived here on Thursday morning. On account of the requisition for McKimie having been revoked, he was somewhat at a loss what course to pursue, and spent the day consulting with his attorneys. The expression of our citizens seemed to be in favor of Bullock taking the prisoner, and the indignation against the Governor was very great.

About noon Bullock visited "Reddy," and had quite a conversation with him. Notwithstanding McKimie's threats to "crease" Bullock, he came to the cell door and shook hands with him, and the following conversation took place:

Bullock—Well, Bob, they have you in the bars again, have they?

McKimie—Yes, I'm here for a while, but I won't stay long.

B.—How long do you expect to stay?

Mc.—I don't intend staying in this d—d place very long; but it is a good enough place for my wounds to get well.

B.—Have you got your irons sawed through yet?

Reddy laughed, but said nothing in reply.

B.—Where did they tap you?

Mc.—Oh, I've got a little squirrel-shot hole here in my side, and another in my cheek, (pulling off the cloth and showing it,) but they are healing up. I ain't in here for life, you bet.

B.—They didn't give you much chance, did they?

Mc.—No; there was a hundred and one of them got after me with shot guns and squirrel guns, and if that d—d nigger hadn't plugged me when he did, I would have made the infernalesst scatterment among that crowd ever you seen.

B.—Where is your wife, Bob?

Mc.—She is at No. —, ——— Street, in Jersey City. I've got a plant of \$450 that I want her to get.

B.—Well, I am going to New York in the morning, and will go and see your wife. If you want to send her any word, I will take it to her.

Mc.—All right. I'll write her a letter this afternoon, and have it ready for you.

(It may be well to state that this conversation in regard to New York was only a "stiff" of Bullock's, as he had no idea of going to New York.)

B.—How would you like to go to Cheyenne with me, Bob?

Mc.—Oh, first-rate. I am in a pretty tight place here, and they are going to give me a "lifer" if they can.

B.—Well, that's perhaps worse than you would get at Cheyenne. They won't give you over five years out there, I guess.

Mc.—I would just as leave go as not; but I'll tell you one thing, Bullock,—I am going to “crease” you if I ever get the chance.

B.—All right. If you ever get the chance, I expect you to; but you know d—d well that I ain't afraid of you.

Mc.—That's so. But if ever we come together on anything like equal chances, one or the other has got to die.

B.—I'll take my chances, and you better look out that I don't “get the drop” on you first.

Mc.—It's lucky that no officer tried to take me the other day, for I never would have given up to him. I would have riddled him even if they had killed me the next minute.

This ended the interview. Mr. Bullock, together with other detectives, have been watching certain points in the West ever since McKimie escaped from jail.

A letter was sent to him some time since stating that for good reasons it was believed McKimie was in Sacramento, California. Bullock went there, but could get no trace, and does not believe he has been there.

Mr. Bullock proposed to pay the county and Sheriff all costs and expenses that were due in the case,—in fact made all the propositions that could be asked from the Territory of Wyoming, of which he was the authorized agent.

On Thursday evening, Ulric Sloane, representing McKimie, C. H. Collins, representing the Territory of Wyoming, and H. M. Huggins, representing Sheriff Newell, drove over to Washington C. H., where Judge Steele was holding Court, and laid the matter before him. He refused to interfere with the Governor's order revoking the requisition, leaving the question to be decided by the Sheriff as to whether he should deliver the prisoner to Pike County or not. The Sheriff took the matter under advisement, and consulted counsel, who advised him to hold the prisoner.

The next point of interest in the case, was the arrival of Mr. Norris, on Sunday night, Dec. 8th, with a writ of *habeas corpus* for McKimie from Pike County. The following is a copy of the writ:

“THE STATE OF OHIO, JACKSON COUNTY, ss:

To John T. Norris, greeting: We command you that the body of Robert McKimie, the custody of whom is illegally restrained

by one W. C. Newell, Sheriff of Highland County, Ohio, of whose custody the said Norris, it is said, is unlawfully deprived by said Newell, you take and have before Hon. Porter Duhadway, a Judge of our Court of Common Pleas of said Jackson County, Ohio, or, in case of his absence or disability, before some other Judge of the same Court, at Jackson, forthwith, to do and receive what our said Judge shall then consider of and concerning said Robert McKimie in his behalf, and summon the said W. C. Newell then and there to appear before our said Judge to show cause of his depriving the said Norris of the custody of said McKimie.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court at the said County of Jackson, State of Ohio, on this the 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1878. WM. H. HORTON,
Clerk of Jackson Common Pleas Court."

Sheriff Newell decided to take the prisoner over himself, and was accompanied by C. H. Collins, H. M. Huggins, and the Prosecuting Attorney, J. M. Dumenil.

The parties left on the morning train, and all along the line crowds were gathered to get a glimpse of the Black Hills Bandit. He and Norris were handcuffed together for safety, the right hand of McKimie and the left hand of Norris. McKimie talked quite freely, and seemed desirous that further publicity should not be given of his birth; acknowledged to having escaped from the Utah Penitentiary, but denied killing anybody. Said he made a dummy, put it in his bed, then slipped out and hid in a well until he met with a chance to escape.

On Tuesday morning a dispatch was received here, stating that the prisoner had been remanded to the custody of Sheriff Newell, and in the evening the officers having him in charge arrived here safely, and placed him in his old quarters. Things then went along about as usual, until the morning of December 16th, when the startling rumor spread through town that McKimie had attempted to break jail the evening before.

The following from the Hillsboro *Gazette* gives full particulars:

A FOUR-HANDED GAME THAT DIDN'T WIN.

"The strict rules that are in force at the jail, and the vigilance exercised over the prisoners confined there, has perhaps prevented an escapade that would have made 'Rome howl.' On Sunday evening, Capt. Ed. Mullenix, special guard on duty at the prison, suspicioned that some kind of mischief was brewing in the cell

occupied by McKimie, Dennis Lynch, Ed. Jones and Charley Slusser. Sending for Officers Lyle, McConnaughey, Lemon and Barrere, they entered the cell, and on making an examination found that McKimie had been at work on his hobbles, and had cut the chain partly though. A hasty examination of the window grating led the officers to believe that an attempt had been made to cut some of the rivets off also, but the marks were afterwards found to be old ones, the bars having been repaired recently and some of the old marks of cutting still remained. A cot that had been put in the cell for McKimie's use had been broken up, and in one corner of the cell stood the four end pieces, about the size and very much the appearance of base ball bats.

"The prisoners were taken into the Sheriff's room and searched, and on McKimie was found an old knife, which he says he found in the cell, a spool of thread and an old-fashioned musket bullet with a pin driven in it, to which the thread could be attached. This was no doubt intended to throw out through the window to a 'pal,' who would attach whatever had been agreed upon to the string, which would then be drawn up by those inside. The leg irons, or hobbles, that McKimie has been wearing are the old-fashioned kind, the bands being locked around each ankle and connected with a chain twelve inches long. After this discovery, the old ones were taken off and a heavier pair, made of hardened iron, put on him. No lock is used on them at all, but after fitting them to his ankles they were riveted together by a blacksmith.

"Although a thorough search was made in the cell, nothing else was found with which they had been working. McKimie protested strongly against the hobbles being riveted on him, and after he was put back in the cell made the air blue with curses and threats. The Commissioners have authorized the Sheriff to have another grate put up to the window of McKimie's cell at once. It will be made of heavy iron, with about three inch openings, and will be placed on the outside and built in the wall.

"This will make three grates to that window. The door of his cell is never opened except in the presence of a sufficient force to prevent escape. Their food, coal, &c., is passed through the feed hole in the door.

"The report of the attempt to escape spread rapidly, and became very much exaggerated, and knots of excited men were gathered discussing the matter. In order to satisfy ourselves and give our readers the bottom facts, we visited the jail in person, and in company with the Sheriff entered McKimie's cell, where we remained a half hour or more, making the closest examination of everything, and found the reports had been greatly magnified.

"We found the window grates all right, an opinion confirmed by the blacksmith who took out the old rivets, put in new ones and overhauled the whole thing. McKimie talked cheerfully, and says he did the work on his irons for pastime; he says that

it was done with the old pocket-knife found in the cell, which was left by Hicks. He says that he couldn't have escaped, even if he had the hobbles off, as they watched him so d—d close. He further vouchsafed the information that he could *burn* his hobbles off if he wanted to, and detailed to us the way it could be done. He gave us this information very confidentially, and apparently for the purpose of learning us the trick, so that we could take advantage of it if we should ever get in his fix. We are satisfied, though, without a practical test.

“McKimie still insists that he did not kill Johnny Slaughter, and that he has never killed any one. Of course we are willing to give his side of the story, and our readers may be the jury.

THE CLUBS IN THE CELL ARE THE GREATEST MYSTERY.

Our own opinion is that each one was to arm himself with a club, McKimie having previously severed the chain of his hobbles, so as to give him free use of his legs, then by some means get the guard or Sheriff to open the door, when they would make a dash, under the leadership of McKimie. He has never been known to escape in any other way than by some such bold, unexpected and dashing plan.

“We are satisfied, however, that they would have failed, as the cell door would not be opened under any pretext, unless there were reliable men enough present to overpower them. The Sheriff's room is a perfect arsenal, and he runs no risks for anybody. We do not think there need be any uneasiness in regard to McKimie's safe keeping, as with the care and vigilance exercised at the jail it is simply impossible for him to escape, and Bob says so himself.”

On Sunday evening, December 24th, Sheriff Newell went into the cell to make his usual examination and search, and upon taking hold of McKimie's hobbles, and giving them a few sharp jerks, he was surprised to see them come off of one ankle. With the assistance of Capt. Ed. Mullenix, another pair which the Sheriff had procured at Columbus was put on him. On examination, it was found that he had forced the rivet out entirely at one end, keeping them in place around his ankle by wrapping straps of cloth around the rims, and tying them together.

THE RIVET HOLE WAS FILLED WITH TALLOW MIXED WITH SOOT, TO GIVE IT THE SAME COLOR AS THE IRON.

The rivets had not gone through and been clinched or battered on the inside sufficiently, and the one on the other leg was found

to pull out easily. It is probably very difficult, and perhaps impossible, to rivet a band of iron around a man's ankle securely, without hurting him, as they must be made to fit close to prevent slipping off. The hobbles had evidently been in a very hot fire, as they show signs of having been almost melted, and are twisted out of shape. (They can be seen at the *Gazette* office.) It is thought that McKimie has had them off entirely, and tried to destroy them by burning, or at least wanted to take the temper out, so that he could cut them off in case they were riveted on his ankles again.

Sheriff Newell then decided to place McKimie in the front cell below, the strong cell of the jail, and to keep him there by himself. "Reddy" demurred to this, and fretted considerably, as he likes company, but the Sheriff was inexorable, and in he went.

On Friday night, November 29th, the guard detected an unusual noise coming from McKimie's cell, which, by the way, was occupied temporarily by Jones and McKimie. He thrust a light through the feed hole, and although it was 11 o'clock found "Reddy" and Jones both up, and evidently at some kind of mischief. Calling the Sheriff, they entered the cell, and found that they had torn away the box of the sink, and had succeeded in partly forcing loose the sheet of boiler iron that covers the mouth of the privy pit underneath the cell. They had worked hard, and McKimie was sweating like a stevedore.

Some of the two-inch spikes had been drawn out, and the iron sheeting forced up several inches. McKimie was not aware that instead of getting merely under the floor, he would have dropped down in the horrible privy pit of the jail. This pit is surrounded by a brick wall, and he would undoubtedly have perished. He seemed rather glad that he had been discovered, when informed of the situation.

Sheriff Newell searches McKimie now every day, and examines his cell with the greatest care. It requires the most unceasing vigilance to keep him, owing to the unsafe condition of the jail, which would not hold a prisoner like McKimie twenty-four hours, if he were left unguarded.

On Saturday evening, January 4th, Capt. Ed. Mullenix, the guard at the jail, slipped up noiselessly to the door of McKimie's cell, and at the same time Sheriff Newell ordered the prisoners in the cell adjoining to cease making so much noise. McKimie heard the order, and muttered to himself in an undertone: "Yes,

but you will have a bigger racket than that one of these fine mornings."

This happened to strike Capt. Mullenix on the tympanum as meaning something, and he communicated his thoughts to the Sheriff, and together they decided that there must be some mischief brewing. We shall not tell how they got information which led them in the right direction, but on examination they found a well laid and partly executed plan for a wholesale escape of all the prisoners on the first floor of the jail, including McKimie. On Tuesday of last week, workmen commenced putting in the large heavy grate to the window of the front cell in the second story. On quitting work in the evening their tools were left on the staging, and upon going after them later in the evening some chisels were missing. A bar of iron that had been left standing in the hall upstairs was also missed about this time. Search was made, but none of the articles found.

In the meantime the prisoners in the front room up stairs, Charley and Bob Slusser, Jones and Lynch, came near getting out by tearing up the heavy iron plate through which the stone pipe from below passes, and prying off with it the ends of the two bars that hold the cut-out piece of perforated boiler iron plate in position at the front window. The rivets were literally pulled through, and only the timely discovery by the guard of their operations, prevented their escape, as all the gratings had been removed temporarily, except the one named. It was supposed that the missing chisels had been used in this job, but they could not be found. They had another mission to perform, as will be seen. When the Sheriff and Capt. Mullenix made an examination of the rear cell on the lower floor, which they did on Sunday last, they found that the top of the sink or privy-box had been torn off, blankets and other articles thrown in, and the prisoners working there in that foul place had succeeded in making a hole through the brick wall of the vault, large enough for a man to crawl through, and had already

COMMENCED TEARING AWAY THE STONE OF THE FOUNDATION WALL

at the north-east corner of the jail. That the reader may fully understand the situation, we will explain that the privy vault of the jail is under the two lower cells. It is a pit some seven or eight feet square, walled up with brick. The wall between the

front and rear cell is built across the middle of the vault, so that one half is under each cell. The floors of the cells are made first of heavy timbers laid close together; over these a flooring of two inch plank, and the front cell is lined with boiler iron. A square hole leads down to this pit, and in the front cell this opening is covered with an iron plate with two six-inch holes, through which pass the pipes from the cell above and the one below. This is the iron plate that McKimie was trying to force loose, as mentioned in another article. Now, then, for the iron bar and the chisels.

By tying their bed slats together, and making some kind of a hook at the end, the prisoners in the front cell up stairs had pulled the bar inside, and passed it through the stove pipe hole in the floor to McKimie in the cell below. He had passed it down through the sink hole to the prisoners in the adjoining room, who had lowered themselves into the pit for that purpose, and with the bar had made the hole in the privy vault wall, and commenced on the foundation as already stated. They had stripped themselves naked while working in the nasty stinking place, washing and cleaning themselves when relieved by another workman. The missing chisel was found on Sunday, wrapped up in McKimie's overcoat, under his mattress.

The insecure condition of our county jail has been further demonstrated by this attempt of the prisoners to escape, and shows conclusively the necessity of a better one being built as soon as possible. To throw away the people's money in patching up and fixing over the old one, will certainly not meet with their approbation.

NEW YORK CHARLEY

CAPTURED BY JOHN T. NORRIS.

[*Hillsboro Gazette, December 12th.*]

Detective John T. Norris arrived here last Sunday evening, having in custody Charles Howard, *alias* "David Ochs," *alias* "New York Charley," a pal of McKimie. Norris arrested "Charley" at Athens early Sunday morning, and the details of his capture are very interesting. While in jail endeavoring to obtain possession of McKimie, Norris was shown an envelope in McKimie's handwriting, directed to "Charles Howard, care Becky West, Athens, Ohio." Knowing that that was the name

of "New York Charley," whom McKimie had brought from New York to help him rob the Bainbridge banks, Norris sent a description of him to Marshal Post, of Athens, and asked him to let him know if there was such a man there. In due time an answer was returned, stating that such a man was there answering to the name of David Ochs, and that he was making his home at Madame Hillett's house of prostitution.

On the receipt of this news, Mr. Norris started for Athens, arriving there at four o'clock Sunday morning. He was met at the depot by Marshal Post, who accompanied him to the house of Madame Hillett, where they demanded admission, stating that they were looking for a girl who had run away from Chilli-cothe. Once in the house, they began a search, which resulted in the finding of Charley snugly ensconced in bed alongside of Madame herself. Then Norris pretended that Charley was a man whom he wanted on the charge of bigamy, and said that his wife was at the hotel, waiting to identify him. Charley denied being married, and to show that the woman who claimed him for her husband was mistaken, announced his willingness to accompany the officers to the hotel to confront her, upon the assurance that if she did not recognize him, he would be released from custody.

When dressed, Norris started to handcuff him, but Charley tried to get his hand on his revolver in his hip pocket, but before he could get it out, Norris caught him by the wrist and frustrated his design. The revolver proved to be one stolen from Redkey's store, in Rainsboro, and had Redkey's private mark on it. The clothes he wore were also found to be a portion of the plunder McKimie and he took from Pepple's store in Bainbridge.

After being handcuffed he was informed that he was really wanted for complicity with McKimie and his gang, when he stoutly denied all knowledge of McKimie or of having ever been in Highland county. On arriving at the depot he asked Norris what evidence there was against him, when he was told that McKimie, Granstaff, Granstaff's wife, and Cleggett had "squealed" on him, and he was shown a Hillsboro *Gazette* containing the confession of the three last named. He read it carefully, and then remarked: "Well, you have got me dead to rights, but I will get even with the damned squealers some time." He also said that if, when the officers came after him, he knew the real charge against him, he would have blown their heads off. He knew that he was innocent of bigamy, and he did not wish to kick up a bobbery for fear of giving himself away. Howard is about twenty-seven years old, is five feet eight inches high, and very handsome, having no appearance of a thief. Four years ago he was sent to one of the Pennsylvania Penitentiaries for a highway robbery committed near Harrisburg. He escaped after serving a year. He belongs in Cincinnati, and his people are very respectable indeed.

A LOST KEY.

How It Lead To Jones' Arrest.

A good deal has been said about a door key that was found in the Eubanks' house after the robbery. From Detective Norris we learn how it lead him to positive knowledge of Jones' complicity in that robbery, and furnished a link in the chain of evidence. It is not necessary to state how Norris received information that lead him to suspicion Jones, but taking the key in his pocket, he and another gentleman went to Jones' father's, and engaged his mother in conversation, making an eye-sight survey of the front door at the same time, and noting the fact that there was no key in the lock.

Pretending to be very thirsty, Mrs. Jones kindly stepped out to get him a drink of water, and during her temporary absence Norris tried his key and found it to fit the lock exactly. After she returned, he brought up the subject of door locks and the necessity of people providing more secure fastenings for their doors and windows in these times of robbers and robberies. Mrs. Jones replied, saying that they had procured a new lock, but that the key was lost, and stated how long it had been missing—a fact that the Detective was not slow to store away for future reference, as it corresponded with the time of the Eubank robbery.

The next thing, then, for Norris, was to secure the identification of the key, if possible. So, calling the old lady's attention to something out doors that needed looking after, he, during her absence, dropped the key behind a lounge in the room, and shortly after her return to the room, while playing with his penknife, dropped it also in such a manner as to necessitate moving the lounge to get it. While doing this he picked up the key, saying, "Why, Mrs. Jones, here is your lost key!" She looked at it, then tried it in the lock, she finally agreeing that it was her lost key, but she could not for the life of her see how it got behind that lounge. When the shrewd Detective, having secured its identification in the presence of a reliable witness, coolly told her that he would take possession of it, she became very much embarrassed, as she then saw what a trap she had fallen into.

HOW THEY HOLD THEIR "GUNS."

Road agents and detectives seldom ever use the term "pistol" when referring to their arms. No matter if they are of the most limited dimensions, they call them "guns." Mr. Bullock informs us that the gang of which McKimie was a member made a specialty of shooting from the hip, and by continued practice became very expert.

The *modus operandi* was to place the right hand holding the "gun," firmly against the hip, and strike the hammer back rapidly with the left hand. For this reason self-cockers were scarcely ever used by the gang. The advantage of this plan was that the arm could be drawn and fired very quickly, and without attracting attention like the arms-length motion.

It also enabled them to aim at the middle of a man's body, where the shots were almost certain to prove fatal. By turning slowly they could direct their shots to different points, and empty every barrel in an almost incredible short space of time.

Bullock says that Jack Watkins, a member of the gang, became very expert in this manner of firing, and could put every ball from a six-shot navy revolver into a space four inches square, at long range. This is what we should call a two-legged Gatling gun arrangement.

REDDY'S ROOST.

Another Hiding Place Discovered.

On the Hon. John L. Hughes' farm there is a large barn, one portion of the loft of which is not visited very often, being used as a place for storing away surplus stacks of hay, oats, &c. One day last spring some of the family discovered a hole in the hay six or eight feet deep, with a lateral branch running some distance to one side. In it was found chicken bones, remains of pie, Sunday School papers, and a piece of letter signed 'Clara,' and directed to the care of "Everett." The time corresponded with McKimie's rumored return to this county, and also with the Roads robbery. The writing on the scrap of letter is said by a lady who is familiar with Mrs. McKimie's writing to be hers, and the Everett referred to means probably a relative of the family.

McKIMIE'S WIFE.

She Has an Interview With Her Husband. — Bob Willing to Plead Guilty and Take His Medicine.

[*Gazette*, December 12th.]

The officers arrived here at four o'clock yesterday evening with McKimie, and he is safe again in the Highland County Jail. Detective Norris called at the *Gazette* office, and said that Bob's wife arrived at Chillicothe Monday night, and had an affecting interview Tuesday, in the Chillicothe Jail, with her husband.

She had not heard of his arrest until the telegram was sent to her, stating that he was wounded. Bob told her that there was no chance for him; that he would make some arrangement for her support, plead guilty, and get his sentence. She will not believe he is guilty of a single crime, and seems to have the most implicit confidence in him. She declares that he has never told her of any irregularities while he was in the Black Hills country.

JOHN T. NORRIS.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.



JOHN T. NORRIS.

JOHN T. NORRIS was born in Seneca County, Ohio, Aug. 5th, 1838. His father was a farmer, and the future Detective obtained such an education as farmers' boys usually get, until arriving at the age of twenty, when he was sent to Heidelberg College, at Tiffin, and afterward graduated at Cleveland in a Commercial College. He also attended Georgetown, D C., College, a military school, a short time.

His father intended him for a lawyer, and he took a pretty thorough course, but the bent of his mind was not in that direction. This course of study has, however, been of great advantage to him, as by the practice he has had since adopting the calling of a Detective, he has gained a practical knowledge of law, unequaled, perhaps, by any one in the State outside of the regular bar. He knows the legal effect of everything he does, and is said to have extraordinary skill and talent in this respect.

Mr. Norris went into the army in 1861 as a Government Detective, under General Baker. He also served in the same capacity under General Burnside. He was connected with the Vandaligham affair, and was sent to Ohio in Government Service during the Morgan Raid. At the close of the war he quit the business, got married, and settled down at Springfield, Ohio, where he still resides. In 1875 he commenced business as a Detective, and by his skill he became celebrated all over the United States.

Among the many important arrests that he has made, are the Auglaize County Treasurer—who was convicted, and \$27,000 of the stolen money returned to the Treasury; Fessler, the Stark County Treasurer, whose arrest Mr. Norris was instrumental in bringing about. In this case \$37,000 of the stolen money was recovered. He also caught the Sandusky cattle thieves, tracing Powers, leader of the gang, over 10,000 miles. Powers and several of his men were sent to the Penitentiary for 7 years each, the full extent of the law. All the cattle were recovered except one. Norris found them in the Allegheny Mountains, right among the Molly Maguires.

His route after Powers was from Sandusky to Norwalk, Toledo, Buffalo, where the stock was sold; then to Elmira, Williamsport, Berwick Pa., Buffalo, back to Sandusky; then to Cincinnati, Maysville, Ky., Sedalia, Mo., Muskego, Indian Nation, San Antonio, Texas, where Powers had been keeping a saloon, but traded it for forty-six ponies, taking the ponies to New Orleans, sold forty of them for cash, and exchanged the others for molasses, which he shipped to Cincinnati and sold.

Norris still on his trail, went from Cincinnati to Toledo, Milwaukee, Wis., Chicago, Toledo, Windsor, Canada, where he nabbed Mr. Powers. Mr. Norris' untiring efforts and success in bringing to justice the desperate gang of robbers as detailed in the foregoing pages, entitles him to the thanks of all honest and justice loving people, and he deserves to be well rewarded by the people of Highland, Ross and Pike Counties.



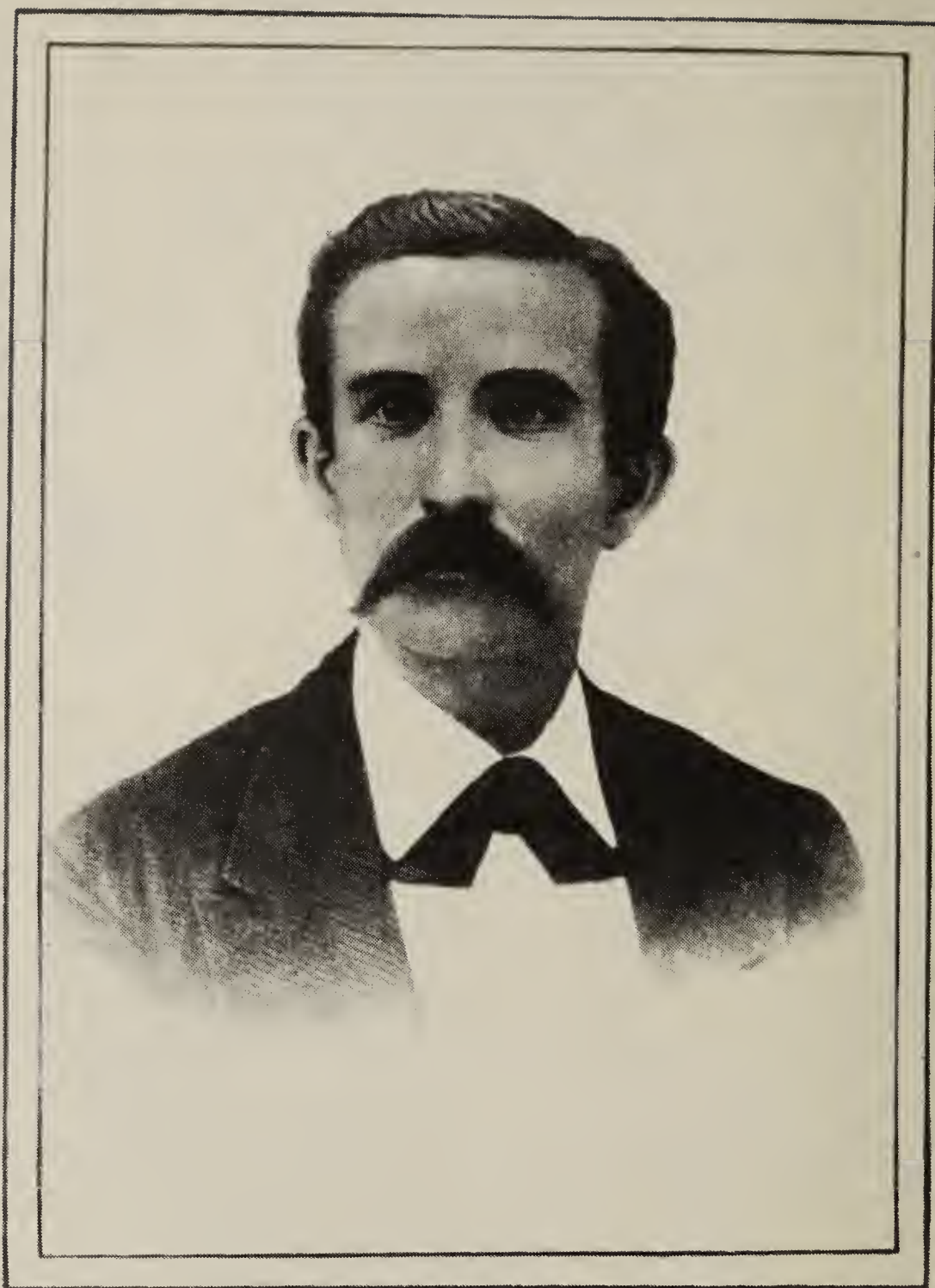
On his deathbed, Bass said this picture had been taken at "A. G. Collin's place". Standing, J. E. Gardner & Bass, alias Sam Bushon. Seated, Joe & Joel Collins. At this time, just good old Texas cowboys.



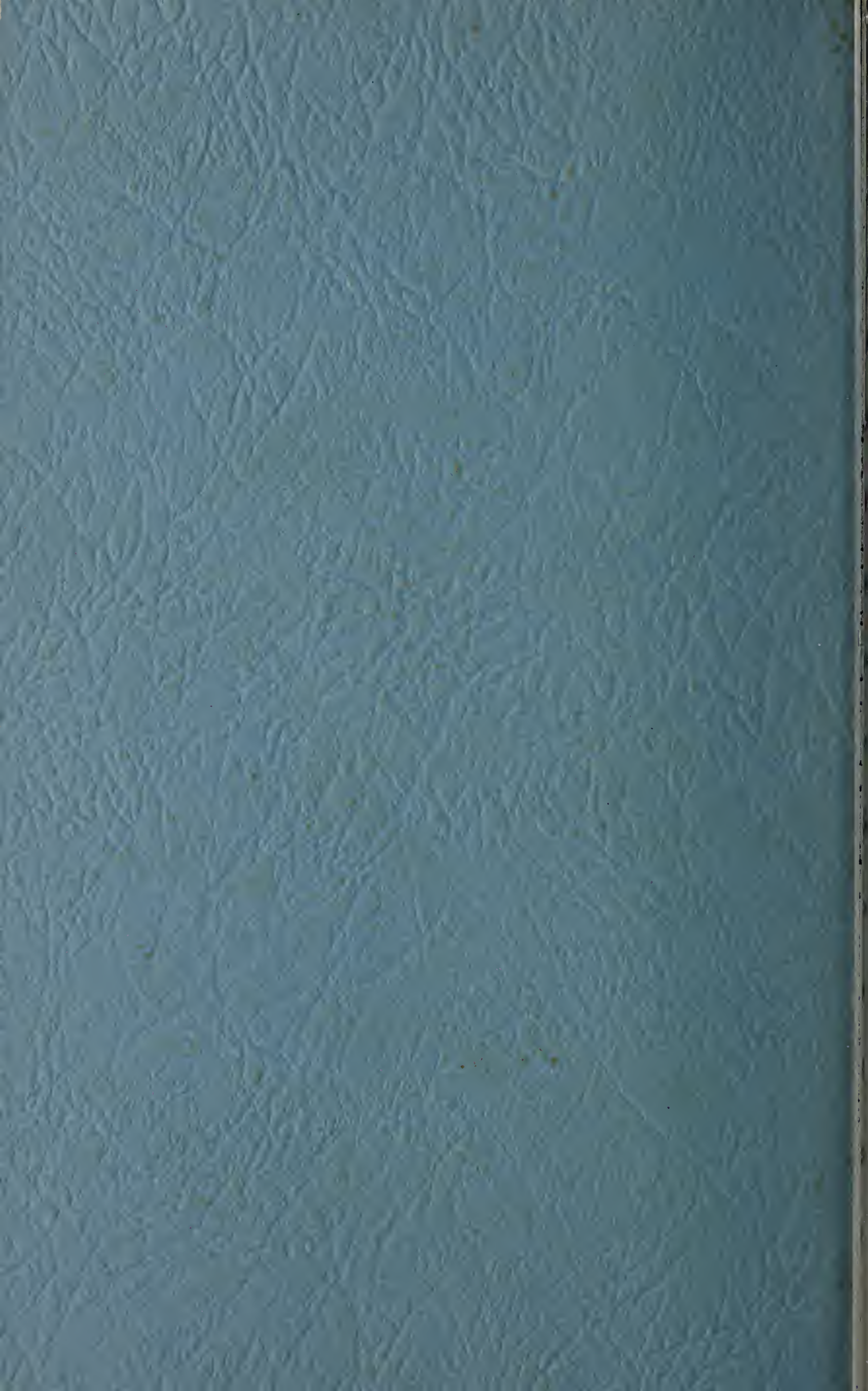
Sam Bass, at the age of sixteen, in
Indiana, before he came to Texas



Grave of Sam Bass, at Round Rock, Texas,
as it appeared in 1926.



Major John B. Jones, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers. He headed the Rangers at Round Rock when Sam Bass was killed by Ranger Dick Ware. Ranger Jones was born in South Carolina Dec. 22, 1834.



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